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THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND ITALY.

HAVING spoken much too distinctly at his last New Year's reception, the Emperor of the FRENCH has now very wisely addressed the diplomatic body in language which cannot lead to any inconvenient consequences. The assembled Ambassadors and Ministers had pledged themselves, through the Papal Nuncio, to the safe proposition that the day on which they offered their respectful homage was the first of the year; and the most timid English Protestant must admit that Lord COWLEY had comparatively little reason to complain of the idolatrous spokesman whom a cruel etiquette condemned him to employ. The EMPEROR, instead of contenting himself with a similar truism, replied in a phraseology as much obscurer than silence as a London fog is more puzzling than simple darkness. Sir ROBERT PEEL, who was the greatest master of this style, was thought to have attained the summit of his art when, in answer to an inconvenient question, he pledged himself, if a certain proposal was brought forward at a suitable place and time, to hesitate long before he refused to take it into consideration. NAPOLEON III. is almost equally safe from confutation when he reminds his audience that he has always professed the most profound respect for recognised rights. Perpetual peace, or war with every country in Europe, would be equally consistent with an appeal to professions which define neither the rights which are to be respected nor the rule of recognition. There is no doubt that ceremonial speeches on great occasions ought to be strictly conventional in their tone, and the only objection to the vague phrases of the Tuileries is that they are constructed in a form which indicates some ambiguous meaning. The more positive assurance that every effort will be used to re-establish confidence and peace may, perhaps, express for the moment the genuine policy of France. If the Nuncio on one side, or the Sardinian Minister on the other, desires to know the nature of the peace and confidence which are anticipated, they may both exercise their own judgment on the present aspect of political affairs.

The Congress which was to meet within a fortnight seems more remote than ever. The legitimate business of such an assembly consists in settling the details of arrangements on which the different Governments have previously agreed. Until the publication of the pamphlet on "The Pope and the Congress," all the Great Powers were inclined to suppress their suspicions of the inevitable conflict which could not fail to break out during the negotiations. The views of Austria, of Sardinia, and of England were announced beforehand; but all parties hoped, with more or less reason, that France would eventually support their respective opinions. If M. DE LA GUERRONNIERE's pamphlet had assumed the form of a Ministerial circular, the POPE and his more zealous allies would probably have at once withdrawn their assent to the Congress. It is more difficult to deal with a document which combines authoritative sanction with the immunities of anonymous composition. The manifesto, having never been adopted as the act of the Government, is conveniently exempt from official disavowal. But it would be impossible for the most direct and avowed expression of the EMPEROR's will to have led to more definite and immediate results. The first effect of the pamphlet has been to force Count WALEWSKI to quit his post as chief registrar of the EMPEROR's despatches to foreign Courts. The strong protestations of his own personal dissent from the conclusions of M. DE LA GUERRONNIERE, which the Foreign Minister privately addressed to the representatives of the Catholic Powers, would have made his position equally ludicrous and embarrassing, if he had subsequently consented to advocate the policy which he was known to have warmly opposed. The EMPEROR had to choose between abandoning the obnoxious doctrines of the

pamphlet and getting rid of a Minister notoriously friendly to Austria and the POPE. He has preferred to lose the services of Count WALEWSKI, and his choice is not likely to be gratifying or reassuring to the former masters of Italy.

The revived hopes of Italy are symbolized by the nomination of CAVOUR as plenipotentiary, and by the summons of GARIBALDI to Turin. It is at the same time announced that General FANTI has succeeded in organizing the army of the Æmilian provinces, and the Tuscan leaders are relieved from the fear that they might be pledging themselves to a hopeless cause in sharing the fortunes of Romagna. Central Italy, with its destiny in its own hands, has no reason to lament the impediments which may obstruct the formation of a Congress. Whatever may be the rights of the Great Powers in their collective capacity, it is certain that no less august authority can prohibit the amalgamation of petty States into an independent Monarchy. The arrangements of 1815, already infringed by numerous modifications, possess no higher sanction than the will of the Governments which were represented at Vienna. If it is found impossible to bring together a Congress in the present crisis, it is evident that the European tribunal is for the time in abeyance. Sardinia may extend her frontier with the tacit assent of all the States which abstain from protest or from active interference. There is no rule of public law to withhold England from a separate recognition of a North Italian Kingdom actually possessing all the territory which it might claim. It is probable that the Continental Governments would be more backward in their acknowledgment of a new title. Austria would continue, perhaps for a generation, to treat the exiled Dukes as sovereign princes, with the same effect in popularizing the new dynasty which was produced in England when Louis XIV. paid royal honours to the PRETENDER at St. Germain. The Holy See would, for a still longer period, be faithful to the prudent rule that no lapse of time can bar the rights of the Church. The United Provinces of the Low Countries were independent and powerful for eighty years before they obtained recognition or even nominal peace from the obstinacy of the Spanish Court. Central Italy may afford to wait, if necessary, for an interval of twice the length, until it becomes the interest of some reigning Pope to open his official eyes to an undeniable fact. The feudal rights of the Vatican over the Kingdom of Naples are still solemnly reserved, although the contumacious vassal who has long since refused his homage is, with good reason, cherished as the most devoted and orthodox of princes. VICTOR EMMANUEL, who is himself King of Cyprus and Jerusalem, would be well content to share with the POPE the titular sovereignty of Romagna, as long as the land was inseparably united to his own hereditary dominions. Twenty years hence, the King of Upper Italy and the Head of the Italian Church may perhaps find it their interest to co-operate as harmoniously as the temporal and spiritual Emperors of Japan. The Catholic world which is invited to indemnify the dispossessed PONTIFF may possibly slacken in the regularity of its contributions when there is no longer a political motive for practical religious zeal. The Italians themselves have always been proud of giving a home to a cosmopolitan dignitary, whom they only dislike when he turns his large prerogatives inward, to the detriment of his own neighbours and countrymen. In 1849, CHARLES ALBERT was anxious to take upon himself the profitable enterprise which was afterwards assumed as a peculiar duty by France. A Sardinian garrison would effectually keep down the Roman populace if the POPE's subjects objected to their position as a residuary body of martyrs preserved for the benefit of the Catholic world.

If the hopes of Italian patriots are brightening, it must not be inferred that the reactionists have lost all

chance of final success. Independence is certain, on the single but difficult condition that the national leaders make no fatal mistake. A democratic insurrection, an attack on Rome or on Naples, an open breach with the Piedmontese Government, would probably turn in favour of the POPE and Austria the scale which now hangs in suspense. It is impossible to say that none of these contingencies will occur during the continuance of a provisional mode of government, and it is in the hope of some fortunate accident of the kind that the enemies of Italy regard the postponement of the Congress with complacency.

The agitation unanimously promoted by the Roman Catholic hierarchy ought to be regarded neither with careless contempt nor with exaggerated fear. The priests have the advantage of supporting a principle, or rather a general rule, which secures them from the danger of inconsistency; but the broad and simple issues which best concentrate enthusiasm involve the inconvenience of excluding all concession or compromise. When a French pastoral charge or an Irish oration has announced that the patrimony of PETER is inviolable, all apologies for Papal misgovernment and arguments of alleged expediency become confessedly irrelevant. The liberal institutions which were so often vicariously promised in the name of PIUS IX. are virtually repudiated by the advocates who assert the sacred and indefeasible prerogative of the PONTIFF. For these reasons ecclesiastical rhetoric is only operative on the minds of those who were previously convinced. The bolt of divine right is soon shot, and the combatants have no other arrow left in their quiver. The English Government, if it understands its own position, is wholly unassailable, inasmuch as it has necessarily remained neutral. Whatever Lord JOHN RUSSELL may privately think as to the donations of CHARLEMAGNE or of CONSTANTINE, he would by no means have objected to the continuance of Papal sovereignty in the Legations if it had not disappeared of itself. Even Irish prelates can scarcely expect that an heretical Government should take an active part in re-establishing a divine system in which it has not the good fortune to believe. NAPOLEON I. once informed TALLEYRAND that he was not disposed to thwart, but rather to second, the intentions of Providence. The humbler statesmen of modern England would prefer better authority than Dr. CULLER's before they undertake to co-operate in the policy which he identifies with the designs of Heaven.

The POPE himself has, from the beginning of the controversy, put forward his ultimate argument with a reiteration which is rather dogmatic than persuasive. He declared that MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO, by assisting in the organization of Romagna, had denied the immortality of the soul, and he now asserts that his opponents are striving utterly to destroy all divine and human laws. There is a certain attraction in the Latin style which the Roman Court has brought down, with many more objectionable usages, from the later Empire and the Middle Ages. The racy superlatives which sound bombastic in modern dialects pass off from the Apostolical pen with a dignified semi-classical twang. *Maximæ amaritudines, acerbissimus mæror, notissimæ tribulationes*, occasioned by *nequissimis consiliis et molitionibus* of men who are waging *acerrimum bellum* against the Holy See, naturally lead to the conclusion that *jura omnia divina et humana funditus delere conantur*. Students of such documents might perhaps form a profane opinion that nothing moderate, simple, or commonplace has ever been felt, experienced, or said by the Head of the Church. If, however, precedent requires the use of pompous words half a yard long, it is impossible to invent a more graceful vehicle for abuse than the ancient Ecclesiastical tongue. Would it be possible to induce the Irish Roman Catholic bishops, in deference to an illustrious example, to deliver their own future speeches in Latin?

THE NEW YEAR.

THE old experience which is said almost to reach a prophetic strain may perhaps foretell the fortunes of private life, or even the future development of individual character. But in political affairs, experience is the most efficient cure for any morbid propensity to prophesy. Only the rashest soothsayers venture farther than the anticipation that industry, prudence, good government, and, in general, public and private virtue, will frequently, in the absence of disturbing causes, be rewarded by wealth and tranquillity. Few enthu-

siasts will demand that the new year's bells of 1860 should—

Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

A millennium following immediately on the French expedition into Italy would be felt by all but apocalyptic interpreters to be too abrupt a transition. There are now so many difficulties impending at home and abroad that there is a kind of comfort in the recollection of the sudden storms by which serener skies have formerly been overclouded. The solution of the Italian problem may perhaps reveal itself as unexpectedly as the crime of ORSINI in 1858, or the address to Baron HÜBNER in 1859. It is at least impossible to suggest any more plausible ground for a sanguine reliance on European diplomacy. The Congress which was to reconcile or overrule all conflicting interests has not yet accomplished the preliminary task of bringing itself together; and it is probable that the plenipotentiaries of the Great Powers, if they succeed in meeting, will find themselves the organs of five different opinions. Russia and Austria are both pledged to the cause of authority and order, and yet the Russian Minister announces that the Austrian programme is altogether untenable and obsolete. The POPE will probably abstain from any participation in the establishment of a dangerous tribunal, and any Government which may share the goodwill of England to the cause of Italy will regard with equanimity the indefinite continuance of a provisional independence. The beginning of strife has once more proved its resemblance to the letting out of water, and, in this instance, the vain attempts to close the sluices may perhaps prolong a beneficial irrigation.

A nation which exercises an absolute control over its own internal affairs ought to be able to predetermine and to foresee the measures which are to express the leaning of public opinion; but the parties into which this country is divided, and the leaders who direct them, have for several years been only strong enough to reduce each other to inaction. The dissatisfaction which has been occasioned by repeated changes of Ministry may perhaps furnish a security against the return of a crisis and a dissolution in the course of the ensuing session. The balance of numbers has never been so equal, and the Government has lately been threatened with a defection in the ranks of its own supporters. Several Irish orators have loudly proclaimed irreconcilable hostility to a Cabinet which is justly supposed to entertain no enthusiastic desire for the reconquest of the Legations by the POPE. On the other hand, it may be observed that the members of Parliament who take part in pro-Papal meetings are by no means the most forward to give the pledges which they alone have power to redeem. The experiment of opposing, or professing to oppose, every possible Government has been repeatedly tried without success. Common sense and a legitimate regard for personal interest must always suggest the necessity of acting with a party, and the priests have denounced Lord DERBY as loudly as Lord PALMERSTON or Lord JOHN RUSSELL, though on different grounds. There is no probability of any division on the question whether the Holy See is to retain its temporal possessions, and there will be little temptation to display religious enthusiasm by voting against the Ministerial Reform Bill. In politics, it is generally found that "threatened men live long," inasmuch as they are on their guard against visible and obvious danger. It is easy to show that the present Ministers ought to differ among themselves, and that, even when united, they command but a bare majority in the House of Commons. Their former discrepancies of opinion will remind them of the necessity of maintaining the union which has from the first been an avowed and indispensable compromise. Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. MILNER GIBSON came together on the express understanding that they were to agree upon a Reform Bill, and there is a probability that, like men of business, they will succeed in carrying out the object of their temporary partnership. Mr. GLADSTONE must have been prepared to waive some of the principles which he laid down in the last session, and even Lord JOHN RUSSELL must have discovered that his favourite patent would only be sealed on his consenting to introduce some definite improvements or modifications of his contrivance. The probable durability of the Cabinet may be inferred from the fact that it has held together so long. On the eve of the session, some general agreement must have been already established and ascertained.

The numerical strength of the Opposition would be more formidable if Lord DERBY were in a position to resume office in the event of a victory. The impending Reform

Bill, though it is distasteful to all parties, offers to a Conservative Government an insuperable embarrassment. Both the late and the present Cabinets undoubtedly regret the necessity of a change which can scarcely under any circumstances benefit the country, but the Liberal Coalition may prudently exert its own strength in passing a measure which it can always prevent its opponents from appropriating. The House of Commons, like the community at large, wishes to dispose of the question before it assumes, through a lengthened agitation, more alarming proportions. The Reform Bill may be bad, but it will probably be accepted as the best which can be obtained, and the Government which carries it will secure itself against the hostility of the existing Opposition.

If any attempt is made to unseat the Ministers, the assault will be directed against some secondary or incidental measure. Mr. DISRAELI has probably long meditated whether it will be worth while to oppose the expected grant for defensive fortifications. The certain and eager support of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. COBDEN would scarcely balance the secessions from the Conservative party which would necessarily take place when the safety of the country was at stake. It would not be prudent to speculate on the internal dissensions of the Cabinet, for an external attack generally effects an entire suppression of domestic feuds. The House of Commons seldom refuses to provide the means for any purpose which the Executive represents as necessary; nor is parsimony in dealing with the national defences at present by any means popular. The quarrel with China may furnish matter for hostile commentary, but in this instance also public feeling will assuredly be found on the side of the Government. The advocates of a pacific policy are sufficiently represented within the Cabinet itself; and submission to defeat, even if it were necessary or expedient, would still be entirely unsatisfactory to the great body of Englishmen. It is indeed not easy to conduct an opposition on foreign questions, for criticism on the acts of the Government generally looks like a vindication of the enemy. With ordinary tact and prudence, Lord PALMERSTON will be able to decline a contest until he can try his strength with advantage on the question of Reform.

At a later period of the session it will be necessary to bring forward financial proposals which can scarcely be universally popular; but Mr. GLADSTONE'S faculty of exposition and argument will give his measures the best possible chance of success. He has the great advantage of levying the necessary revenue on a community which enjoys almost unprecedented prosperity; and if, in accordance with his own principles, he continues to relieve the springs of industry, there will be no difficulty in obtaining general acquiescence in the imposition or maintenance of unavoidable burdens. It is not to be expected that, after the incessant political disruptions of former years, any strong enthusiasm should be felt for the present Administration, but, on the whole, the Liberal party is the strongest in the country, and the reunion of its principal members had long been urgently demanded. Several of the Ministers command respect by their individual character and ability; and if it appears in practice that the whole body is capable of steady co-operation, the confidence which has been shaken by the prevalence of faction will rapidly revive. Excepting in the matter of Reform, of which no party has reason to be proud, the Government will undoubtedly, to the best of its judgment, promote the welfare of the country; and even the probable deterioration of the representative system may perhaps be preferable to a farther suspension of the evil. If the present Cabinet fails in permanence or efficiency, there are no abler or honester statesmen on whom it will be possible to fall back, and profound distrust in any assignable successor furnishes a sufficient reason for a tentative good-will to the Government, which may hereafter expand into confidence.

THE MOROCCAN WAR.

IT becomes clearer every week that the Holy War between Spain and Morocco is an anachronism only on one side. The Moors do really seem to fight much as the soldiers of SALADIN may have fought. They hate the Infidel as cordially, dispense with discipline and supplies as easily, and court death with at least as confident an expectation of an immediate Paradise. On the Christian side, however, it is more difficult to reproduce even the outward appearances of a crusade. A well-provided army, equipped with Minié rifles, and headed by a general who is chiefly anxious to preserve

his political position, looks excessively unlike any century but the nineteenth, and the rest of Europe obstinately persists in attributing its presence on the coast of Africa to motives which are entirely modern. There is no doubt that the Spaniards are much irritated by this general incredulity, and somehow they seem inclined to fix upon England the responsibility of all the chilling doubts which their enthusiasm has to encounter. It is indeed true that the English public looks upon this Moroccan war with rather more active dislike than is felt in other countries. While reflecting men regard it as a very unsatisfactory addition to the many proofs which already exist of an increased tendency among European nations to engage in war on the most trifling pretexts, men of business have an especial grudge against a country which engages in an expensive contest before it pays its debts in full, particularly when most of those debts are owing in England.

A pamphlet on this subject has just been published by Mr. O. C. D. Ross, who, as his title-page informs us, has been long a resident in Spain. The pamphlet is extremely interesting and instructive, and says all that can be said to persuade Englishmen to look on the war with Morocco from a Spanish point of view. It is quite certain, from what Mr. Ross states and from what was known before through the newspapers, that the Moorish tribes in the neighbourhood of the Spanish settlements had been guilty of outrages which deserved punishment; and had Morocco belonged fairly to the system of States which recognises International Law, nobody would have said that a *casus belli* was wanting. But the common-sense of the world softens the strict canons of the law of nations in their application to communities which lie outside its proper sphere. It does not rigorously apply to semi-barbarians the doctrine that every State is absolutely responsible for everything which is done by every fraction of its subjects. Spain was not in the least called upon by national honour to enforce the responsibility of the Emperor of MOROCCO until it was thoroughly established that he had either directed the attacks on Ceuta or had wilfully neglected to punish and repress them. That the Moroccan Government itself prompted these encroachments does not seem to have been pretended even in Spain; but the case of the Spanish Ministry, as stated by Mr. Ross on the authority of Marshal O'DONNELL, is that the Moorish authorities suspiciously falsified the repeated promises which they made to bring the marauders to justice. It seems quite evident, however, in our judgment, that the hesitations and tergiversations of the Moroccan Minister, which are set forth in this pamphlet, ought to be interpreted favourably to the Government which he represented. The Moorish authorities were obviously bewildered between those obligations under international law which they were civilized enough to understand, and their actual impotence as the nominal rulers of a barbarous empire. There was, under these circumstances, a course which Spain might have taken with the applause of Europe. She might herself have undertaken the chastisement of the mountaineers of the Riff on the avowed ground that their ostensible Sovereign was unable to do his duty. This is exactly what England would have done, and indeed constantly does, in the analogous case of an attack on Aden by the wild races in its vicinity. If the English Government were to attempt to make the Sultan of TURKEY answerable every time the savage Arabs who rove round our coaling-station were guilty of some irregularity, it would be justly suspected of similar designs to those which European opinion lays at the door of Spain. The Emperor of MOROCCO, who has been forced into a war on the ground of his supposed complicity with the Riff tribes, is known to be in the habit of sedulously avoiding them in his progresses lest they should commit highway robbery on his sacred person.

The financial position of Spain has already been discussed in this journal. Mr. Ross's statements confirm our view that the commercial morality of the Spanish Government has been spoken of in this country with unmerited harshness, and that the course taken by the Englishmen who were its creditors for unpaid interest was by no means the wisest which could be imagined. It must be admitted, however, that the Moroccan war has a bearing on the question between Spain and her bondholders. The point on which she insists, with some show of reason, is that her creditors in England agreed to the capitalization of their overdue dividends; but this point is, after all, merely a technical one, and, even if decided in favour of Spain, does not at all exclude her moral liability. A bankrupt who compromises with his creditors succeeds in getting himself released from their

pressure, but he must submit to be called hard names if he afterwards comes into a large fortune, and then, instead of paying his old debts, takes his stand on his legal rights. Poverty was, moreover, the plea which the Spanish Government offered in its own excuse when it tendered to its creditors, not a settlement, but a compromise, of their claims. As we are expressly informed in the pamphlet, the peculiar character of the new Spanish "deferred" stock was given to it because an arrangement more favourable in appearance would have been sure to fail in the long run for want of means. Now, however, it turns out that the Spanish revenue has increased beyond the most sanguine expectations, and the first thing the Spaniards do with their surplus is to spend it on an uncalled-for display of their spirit and strength. This is what English commercial men will never be reconciled to. While the Spaniards are trying hard to show the world, in the words of O'DONNELL, quoted by Mr. Ross, that theirs "is still a great nation, though some may believe the contrary," the English Stock-Exchange perseveres in "believing the contrary" all the more for their efforts. The duty of paying debts is written in the first page of the English commercial horn-book, and there is no absolution in this country for its disregard. Excessive susceptibility on the point of honour is here looked upon as contemptible when the man or nation who affects it rests contentedly under pecuniary liability which might be discharged and isn't.

The impression left on the mind by Mr. Ross's statements is that the motives of Spain for engaging in the war with Morocco are unworthy of the position in Europe which she might occupy if she chose. Everybody knew that Spaniards were brave. Everybody knew that they were not a people to brook insults. So far as courage and spirit make a great nation, Spain was a great nation twenty years ago. But what was new in Spain was an apparent improvement in the other elements of national greatness—in patience, in laboriousness, in tranquillity, in self-control, and in self-knowledge. This pamphlet, besides showing the great advance of the country in material prosperity, points out that O'DONNELL's is the first Spanish Government since FERDINAND's death which has been supported by the best politicians of all shades of thinking. All who have watched modern Spanish history will understand the immense change for the better which is implied in this state of politics. But the Moroccan war seems to have jeopardized all. Even if it were the mere military promenade which the Spaniards expected it to be, it would be injurious in so far as it gives a wrong direction to the interests of the people. But, though doubtless fertile in successes over a barbarous enemy, it is evidently destined to be long and expensive. It will certainly misapply, and may possibly exhaust, the very surplus of revenue out of which were to spring the public works upon which everything depends. It may necessitate fresh borrowing, and thus revive all the old embarrassments of Spanish Governments in a still more discouraging form. And, worse than all, if it proceeds as lingeringly as contests with barbarians occasionally do, it may give a new lease of life to that factious restlessness of Spanish politicians which kept Spain in obscurity for a quarter of a century, but which had just begun to transmute itself into the healthy activity of moderated freedom.

THE CURRENCY OF INDIA.

AMONG the many anomalies of Indian finance, one of the most striking is the enormous amount of the cash balances which are found indispensable for carrying on the Government. There have been times when the Indian Exchequer has contained 15,000,000*l.* in hard cash; and of late, when every effort has been made to dispense with superfluous luxuries, a balance below ten or twelve millions has been regarded as equivalent to a state of bankruptcy. It was to arrest this catastrophe that, for the first time in the history of India, the flow of gold was reversed, and remittances were sent last year from London to Calcutta; and the very fact that this was done in spite of the natural aversion of the Home Government to such a course may be accepted as sufficient proof that the balance which the Indian Government insists on keeping is not an imaginary necessity.

Considering that the administration of the whole British Empire, exclusive of India, is conducted with an average Government balance of five or six millions, it is a fair *prima facie* inference that a minimum of 10,000,000*l.*

could not be essential in India if the financial resources of the State were as well husbanded as they are at home. It is not needful to look far for the immediate cause of the pressure on the Indian treasuries. All, or substantially all, the disbursements of Government are made in silver coin, and the Government has no such resource behind it as the Bank of England, nor does it use the privilege of issuing notes, by the profits of which the Old Lady of Threadneedle-street has grown to her present importance. What makes the inconvenience of a purely metallic currency doubly felt is the wide extent of the country, and the necessity of keeping a vast number of scattered treasuries always in sufficient funds to meet every possible demand. The military embarrassment occasioned by the existence of so many indefensible hoards of bullion was one of the great difficulties of the mutiny year, until the Sepoys somewhat diminished the trouble of defence by plundering all the outlying treasuries; and among the numerous motives to rebellion, it is now pretty clearly made out that the desire of looting the ill-protected treasure of the Government was one of the most influential.

These considerations alone are enough to show the expediency of substituting the customs of civilized countries for the clumsy practice of storing up and transporting silver by the ton, as if that were the only known method of adjusting accounts with distant claimants. The circulation of India is but one degree better than the iron currency of Sparta; and indeed, having regard to the extent of the country, the silver coinage of India is even more cumbersome than its ancient prototype. Besides all the incidental advantages of an issue of bank-notes, the adoption of that well-known device would be, within certain limits, equivalent—not only as regards the Government but the people also—to the discovery of a gold mine within the precincts of Lord CANNING's palace at Calcutta. The 14,000,000*l.* of notes issued in England without the security of any corresponding bullion represent a loan on which no interest is payable, and of which payment never can be asked. What amount of unsecured note circulation India could support with equal safety, is a question which can only be answered after an actual experiment; but it is certain that several millions of the troublesome silver balances which are kept up with so much difficulty might be safely replaced by Government paper. The subject has been mooted, though in a somewhat different spirit, both by the Calcutta Government and by Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN at Madras. The suggestions of the Governor of Madras appear to be both simple and safe. It is estimated that the coin in India amounts to not less than 150,000,000*l.* and as a first experiment, it is proposed to issue Government notes to the extent of 3,000,000*l.* only, making them a legal tender, and convertible at some half-dozen principal treasuries. It is difficult to conceive any danger in such an experiment. The natives are already, to some extent, familiar with paper circulation, and would probably soon learn to appreciate the convenience of a Government issue; but at the worst, any reluctance which might be evinced to take the new notes would but leave matters as they are at present.

If the trial is to be made, there is not much room to doubt the principle on which the paper coinage of India or any other country ought to be regulated. It was, until lately, supposed that a valuable safeguard against abuse was obtained by entrusting the issue of notes to a bank instead of retaining it as a privilege of the Government itself. Sir ROBERT PEEL no doubt expected that statutory prohibitions against over-issue would be more strictly obeyed by a Board of Directors than by a Department of State. The experience of the two great crises of 1847 and 1857 has taught us that the distinction is only imaginary, and that, whatever the machinery adopted, the real power of issuing notes must rest with a Government which can assume at will the responsibilities nominally thrown on a private corporation. There are, besides, some objections to the conduct of the distinct businesses of issue and banking by the same hands and under one roof. If it were only to get rid of a crop of currency fallacies which is nourished by this unlucky arrangement, one could wish that the function of issuing bank-notes were performed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Lords of the Treasury instead of the Directors of the Bank of England. The change would probably not be worth making here; but in a country where a paper circulation is about to be introduced for the first time, there can be little doubt that the most direct plan is the best, and that the Government should itself undertake the

manufacture of paper money, as it does the coinage of gold and silver.

Before Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN brought forward his project, Lord CANNING and his Council had been in consultation on the same subject, and had sent home a despatch with a note by the Financial Secretary, which, though generally favourable to the extension of paper currency, dwell with great emphasis on one real and several imaginary dangers which are supposed to attend the experiment. Among the fanciful objections taken to the proposed measure, one is that the effect of it might be to throw the business of the transport of bullion entirely upon the hands of the Government. It would be difficult to point out an instance in which the establishment of a Government bank of issue has burdened the Administration with the whole bullion business of the country. But the objection is curiously inapplicable to India, where the use of bank-notes would relieve the Government from the trouble and risk of transporting for its own use a quantity of coin far exceeding the utmost amount which could be required to keep the district treasuries in funds to cash the notes which might be presented for payment. Another difficulty is suggested which seems equally imaginary. It is said with reason that nothing ought to be done now which could damage the shaky credit of our Government in India. But the suggestion that any real injury would be done by offering to the public notes which they could at pleasure convert into rupees, is what one would rather expect to find in some hopeless Opposition speech than in a Government despatch which is not intended to be altogether unfavourable to the project. The sole real risk is that which every country has to face which makes use of the convenient contrivance of a paper circulation. Everything which can be used may also be abused; and we know very well that bank-notes may be issued in excess, and have been so issued in every country in Europe. But this is not thought a sufficient reason to reject so valuable an instrument of commerce and finance either in England or in any other civilized country. Lord CANNING frankly declares his opinion that, in some moment of difficulty, the temptation to resort to an excessive issue of notes would be sure to prove too strong for the Governor-General for the time being; and he proposes a check which, if useless, would at any rate be harmless—namely, that the extent of the issue should be limited by Act of Parliament. It is remarkable that almost the first financial subject that Mr. WILSON will probably have to discuss at Calcutta will be what we believe is the only one on which he has committed himself to unsound opinions. His theory, however, is the very reverse of Lord CANNING'S. He holds that convertible notes cannot be issued in excess; and between this and the opposite doctrine, that such a calamity is not only possible but inevitable, we may hope that something like the true course may be steered. The gravest error of the Calcutta official despatch is one which the new CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER may be trusted to put to the rout. Mr. LUSHINGTON seriously proposes that the Government notes should not be made convertible on the one hand nor a legal tender on the other—the inevitable consequence of which would be, that they would fall at once to a discount, and soon disappear from circulation. If the despatch upon this matter is of no other service, it certainly supplies an ample justification for the mission of an English financier; and we shall be much surprised if the arrival of Mr. WILSON at the scene of his labours should not be speedily followed by the adoption of Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN'S cautious and sensible project of currency reform.

THE OBJECTS OF A SUCCESSFUL CHINESE WAR.

THE fortunate discovery of Chinese official documents, at the capture of Canton, enables all persons to make up their minds upon the merits of the controversy on Chinese affairs which has been occupying the newspapers during this week and the last. There is now no sort of doubt that the first object of the British Government should be to secure the best possible facilities for direct diplomatic communication with the Court at Peking, however desirable it may be thought to limit our exercise of the right to maintain a resident embassy. We partly knew before the value of uncontrolled access to the EMPEROR, but we were far from fully estimating its importance. Every Englishman who was familiar with China had a notion that the true state of affairs at the outposts never reached the Imperial ears; and it was more than suspected that the

language of Chinese officials and negotiators differed considerably from the instructions which guided their diplomacy. Such ideas as these dictated the provision in the last Treaty which stipulated for the residence of a British Envoy at Peking. It is observable, however, that this is one of the few points which Lord ELGIN was inclined to waive; and even now it is contended by some of the writers on this subject that the Chinese at Tientsin urged no more than was just when they argued that the climate of Peking and the fierce spirit of its population opposed insuperable obstacles to the establishment of a permanent mission in the Chinese capital. We are bound, of course, to suspend our opinion on the question whether communication with the Court is best secured by settling a British representative at Peking; but direct communication we must somehow have, unless Chinese wars are to recur in a cycle. We now know, beyond the possibility of mistake, that the reports of the Mandarins to the EMPEROR do not so much gloss over the truth as conceal it altogether. We know that every paper sent from Canton or Shanghai to Peking is drawn so as to be in conformity with a traditional view of foreign relations which prevails at head-quarters. Singular as it may seem, there is the strongest reason for believing that the EMPEROR and the great Councils are hardly a whit better acquainted with the true objects and resources of the European Powers than they were before the first Chinese war. Every reverse which the Empire has sustained has been misrepresented at the capital with such perverse ingenuity as to give the least possible disturbance to foregone conclusions; nor does the severest of these continued defeats appear to have materially changed the Imperial estimate of the barbarian enemy. The revelation of KEYING'S treachery was conclusive. If there was one Chinese official who, more than another, struck Englishmen as aware of the truth and alive to the expediency of reporting it without disguise, it was KEYING, who became for a time something of a celebrity in England for his supposed talents and straightforwardness. Yet the official copies of his reports which were taken at Canton transcend everything which had before transpired of official misrepresentation. It is now perfectly well ascertained, from the conduct both of KEYING and of YEH, that the better a Chinese official knows the Court, the less is he to be depended upon for giving it correct information.

We are beginning, too, to get glimpses of the reasons which lead the conductors of the greatest civil administration in the world to acquiesce in this monstrous system. It would be a serious error to be satisfied with the personal arrogance of the EMPEROR as a sufficient account of the matter, for it is quite certain that nothing exists in China which does not somehow fall in with accepted theories of Government. The fact is, we have been all along contending with the received Chinese theory of efficient administration. The key and centre of the system is unlimited responsibility. The opponents of competitive examinations in this country have sometimes charged their promoters with patronizing Chinese ideas; but few persons are aware how thoroughly Chinese was the system on which some of our Administrative Reformers were eager to push us. Those who have not forgotten the muck against English government in general which was run during the Crimean war, will recollect that such of the malcontents as did not join in the clamour simply for the pleasure of shouting had exactly the Chinese view of administrative efficiency. They contended that the largest discretion should be given to the servants of the State, but that there should be no limits to their responsibility. Grudge them nothing, was the cry; fetter them with no checks; but take no excuses for failure. This is the rule of China to the letter. A Mandarin has absolute control over all the resources of the Empire which bear upon the object which he is delegated to secure. No complaint against him for maladministration, peculation, treachery, or cruelty is ever listened to. But then he has to succeed—at the peril, perhaps, of his neck, certainly of his office. Excuses for failure are scouted. As the Canton documents show, a mere statement that the situation of affairs with which he has to deal is different from what it had been supposed to be at Peking, is rebuked with the utmost sternness. The result is an excessively clever body of public servants, who are all perfectly merciless to men in their power, and perfect adepts in humbugging men who are out of it. But, at the same time, there is a universal conspiracy among them to hoodwink the Government. If there had been anything like the system in England, Lord RAGLAN might have been surprised at Inker-

man, but would certainly have reported to the War Office that he had successfully tempted the Russians into a carefully prepared ambush. But we see what comes of it. When the system does break down, great is the crash of it.

Captain SHERARD OSBORN, who has written the best of the letters on the objects of a Chinese war, adds to his arguments for direct communication with Peking a much more disputable suggestion. He places the right of unlimited ingress to the interior of China on the same level, in point of importance, with the establishment of an Embassy. This right was secured by that Treaty which has just fallen to the ground through non-ratification, and it is known to be a favourite object of desire with Englishmen settled at the Chinese outposts. The objections to a free traffic with the interior do not consist so much in the want of precedents for it, or in the difficulty of settling the fiscal arrangements which it would entail, as in the certainty that it would enormously multiply the chances of collision with the Chinese authorities. Everybody who is acquainted with the conduct of the English settler in India will be alarmed at the prospect of empowering a crowd of roving Englishmen to overrun China. We have the Indian administration in our hands, and the people are as patient of aggression and outrage as the Chinese are the reverse. Yet it is as certain as anything of the kind can be, that whatever of dislike to the English prevailed during the mutiny, apart from religious antipathy, arose from the everyday unconscious behaviour of the white men to the dark-skinned race. The Chinese, on the other hand, are extravagantly proud, extremely alive to contemptuous treatment, and only patient of wrong under the severest necessity. If the English and American trader, carrying with him the disdain which seems inseparable from him for everybody who does not speak his language, is to penetrate into provinces where he is only known as a "white devil," are we really prepared to make the Imperial Court responsible for all the disputes he may provoke? Are we ready to back the missionary, who will assuredly follow in the merchant's train, and soon penetrate further than he? Captain OSBORN points to the circulation of Roman Catholic priests throughout China. But the Roman Catholic priests have done what the Protestant missionary will assuredly not do, in conforming as much as possible to native ideas and habits. Such success, moreover, as they have had in conversion is attributable chiefly to their appealing (no doubt unintentionally) to the well-known taste of the Chinese for mysterious rites and secret associations. But the emissary of the London and New York societies will insist on preaching upon the house-tops in a black coat and white cravat. As what he has to subdue in China is not superstition, but indifference, he will soon be attacking the vast mass of literary and philosophical traditions which serves the Chinese in lieu of a faith. It will be a war, not with the absurdities of Hindoo belief, but with a peculiar literary culture of which the Chinese are inordinately proud, however unworthy of their respect a European may think it. The simple question, then, is whether we are prepared to protect English missionaries at every point at which they are in conflict with the darling prejudices of any fraction of four hundred millions of men—whether we are to stand up for every English trader who avers that a Chinese tribunal has wrongfully decided against him in a question of contract arising about a thousand miles from the sea. We certainly do not intend to deny that reasonable access to the interior, under a system of licences or passports, may be a privilege worth struggling for; but may we be defended from a liberty of ingress which will give us a *Don Pacifico* case every twelvemonth somewhere on the frontier of Tartary, or expose us to a shout from Exeter Hall that the English Envoy at Peking has, in respect of the grievances of the Reverend JOSEPH SMITH, decidedly been ashamed of his Christianity!

THE PAPAL CRUSADE IN IRELAND.

IRISH Roman Catholicism is a power which must not be railed and hooted at, but studied, if Ireland is to be governed as a free country. It is a power with some fifty or sixty seats in the House of Commons in its hands, and which must be expected, like any other great interest, to make its weight felt in the councils of the nation. If it runs into fanaticism, and disregards political obligations in the pursuit of so-called religious objects, so does the violent Protestantism which disturbs the peace of the community with its Nunnery Bills and Ecclesiastical Titles Bills, and

which endeavours to exclude from Parliament all men, however able and honest, who will not pledge themselves to vote for the abolition of Maynooth. The manifestations of religious passion, when seen by an impartial eye, are as revolting, as opposed to civil and social duty, and as alien to the true spirit of Christianity, in the one case as in the other. Let the party of Messrs. NEWDEGATE and SPOONER—let those who, like Messrs. NAPIER and WHITESIDE, are making a last desperate struggle to exclude Roman Catholic barristers in Ireland from the highest honour of their profession—look in the glass which the M'HALES and the CULLENS hold up to them, and behold the inverted reflection of themselves. The mirror does not flatter. Its image is ugly, but it is true. Not only in the general lineaments, but in the trait most prominent at the present moment, the resemblance is complete. If Dr. M'HALE proposes to aid the Papal party in Italy with a million of Irish arms, Lord SHAFTESBURY lends to the Anti-papal party the assistance of all the prayers at his disposal; and it will hardly be denied that the one set of auxiliaries is as effective as the other. The *Times* has resolved, in its magnanimity, not to withdraw the boon of political privileges from fanatics, however obnoxious. The merciful announcement is fraught with comfort not to Irish fanatics alone. We will venture to request the *Times* to have regard for the honour of the English people, and not to insinuate that they are capable of repenting, much less of retracting, an act of justice.

Whatever "Catholic" historians may be pleased to say, Roman Catholicism was not the original religion of the Irish Christians. The original Irish Church was a daughter of the British, and, like the British, but faintly acknowledged the supremacy and but loosely held the doctrines or conformed to the discipline of the Roman See. ERIGENA, the most famous of early Irish theologians, was an assailant of the cardinal Roman doctrine of transubstantiation. The Roman yoke and the complete Roman system of doctrine and discipline were forced on the Irish by the Norman invaders, whose enterprise was sanctioned by the Pope on the express condition that the religious subjugation of the island to the see of St. PETER should accompany its political subjugation to the Anglo-Norman crown. A similar blow had been dealt at the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon Church of England, by the same confederates, in the Norman Conquest—Pope ALEXANDER on that occasion blessing the arms and sharing the booty of WILLIAM, just as Pope ADRIAN blessed the arms and shared the booty of HENRY II. The intense Ultramontanism of the Irish Church and people, which now seems so congenial to their nature, in fact had its origin, not in a religious, but in a political cause. It arose from the antagonism of the native Irish to the English settlers, which continued after the English settlers had adopted the Reformed religion. It drew strength from the same soil of national antipathy which had given it birth; and the more the Irish were brought into conflict with, and oppressed by, their Protestant enemies, the more fervently they cherished the religion which was opposed to Protestantism, which connected its professors with the opponents of Protestantism in other countries, and which gave them a head external to the tyrannical Government under which they groaned and bled. It is at least highly probable that, if the treaty of Limerick had been faithfully observed, and a liberal course of policy had been entered on after the pacification of the island by WILLIAM III., the bigoted attachment to Rome, which the cold wind of persecution had only intensified, would have melted beneath the warm rays of toleration. We need not say how miserably different was the course actually pursued. The Irish are now, through our fault, the most violent adherents of the Papacy in the world; and we must learn to trace their temper—embarrassing to Government, and exasperating to their fellow-citizens, as we admit it to be—to its true source, and to await with patience the effects of a just and humane system in recalling the Ultramontane to a sense of his natural allegiance to his country, and his natural duties as a man. The Irish have hearts to be won, and the QUEEN may win them as well as the POPE. Their present fanaticism is but the rank offspring of a character deeply religious, and capable of the greatest sacrifices for religious objects; and the same spirit, when softened and purged of political bitterness, will form a noble element in the character of the united people. Thirty years of comparative political justice and religious liberty have already done much, as all calm observers must perceive, in spite of

the appearances of the present moment. Let us only persevere in the same course, and that kindly and unrepentantly, and thirty years more will at least double the good that has been done, and reduce at least by half the evil that remains.

But while we endeavour to be just to Irish Roman Catholicism on the one hand, we must, on the other hand, call upon all our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens to consider the necessary effect of their present violence, and the embarrassment which it must cause to every statesman who is anxious to do them justice. How, in the face of such outrageous proceedings as are at present going on—of such outrageous language as is at present being held—could any Minister attempt to remove the relics of the exclusionist system? How can any one require that full and entire confidence should be placed in the patriotism of men who are pouring forth frantic renunciations of their allegiance to the Government under whose laws they live, and delirious professions of absolute devotion to a foreign Power? How can any one plead in the name of liberty for those who shamelessly avow their desire to keep the Italians in a state of detested servitude for the convenience of the Church, or of justice for those who are themselves violating that most sacred rule of justice which requires that the civil Government of each country should be answerable for its conduct to its own people, and liable to the consequences of disaffection if it fails in its duty? Or how, if there is to be a Roman Catholic crusade in favour of the temporal dominion of the POPE, can the Protestant interest be forbidden to press on the Government, by an overwhelming majority of votes, active measures on the opposite side? Such considerations as these, connected as they are with the political and social interests of the Roman Catholic community, are of course addressed in vain to ecclesiastics totally removed from all political and social interests, and bent on employing the temporal influence of their flock solely for the furtherance of clerical objects. They are addressed as vainly to neophytes raised on the wings of ecstatic zeal for their newly-adopted faith far above all thought of worldly prudence or of worldly justice. But they ought not to be addressed in vain to Roman Catholic laymen, whose attachment to their religion is not the fiery offspring of yesterday's conversion, but a settled and sober conviction, and who are temperate enough, and enough imbued with the sense of civil duty, to know the proper functions of ecclesiastics, and the limit at which those functions end.

THE PAST YEAR IN FRANCE.

IT was long ago obvious that the Emperor of the FRENCH must provide, in the excitement of foreign conquest and foreign intervention, a compensation for the domestic inactivity which he has forced on his subjects. The history of the past year in France is the history of a great attempt which he has made to achieve this end, and of the effect he has thus produced on the country and on his own position. When his New Year's speech of last January showed that the time had come when he judged this line of policy to be necessary, Europe waited with anxiety to see whether it was in his power to adopt it at any moment he pleased. The event showed that he could do so. France did not wish for war. The trading classes longed for peace; the Ministry dreaded any collision with the recognised Powers of Europe; and those who were most inclined to sympathize with Italy were more interested in the freedom of France than in that of any other country. But the EMPEROR was resolved on war, and France had no means of preventing fifty or sixty thousand Frenchmen from being led to die on the plains of Magenta and Solferino. The line of policy he adopted has tended not only to preserve the EMPEROR from internal conflicts, but to make him personally more prominent. France has been led more and more to appear before Europe only through her chief. The State has become more completely centred in the Sovereign. The campaign did not show that the EMPEROR possessed military genius, but it showed that he had not to fear comparison with any of his Marshals. The EMPEROR has also now let it be understood that he is his own Minister. When a thing is to be done, he does it—when it is to be written, he writes it. Twice during the past year he sketched in a pamphlet the history of the immediate future, and he has thus impressed on the mind of France and Europe that it is his will and his thoughts that are the centre of political action. So imaginative, so susceptible, and so timid

a people as the French cannot fail to be more subservient to a chief who can thus overawe them with the *prestige* of his individual eminence. The influence, however, produced by the substitution of external aggrandizement for domestic life is not a very elevating one; and the petty bitterness and jealousy so largely displayed in France against England in the latter part of the summer must be taken as one of the results of the Imperial policy. It is indisputable that this ill-feeling was aggravated by the arts of the Government, and although wiser counsels are now in the ascendant, we cannot dissociate the temporary fomentation of hatred towards England from the history of the general policy of the EMPEROR in 1859.

The past year has witnessed several minor events characteristic of the permanent system of the Imperial Government. The splendour and resources of the Napoleonic dynasty were heightened in the month of February by an increase of the dotation of the Imperial family to the amount of 2,200,000 francs. The expenditure on public works has been not only continued, but augmented. In May, the boundary of Paris was removed to the circle of the fortifications—a change intended to lead to vast alterations in the buildings adjacent to the line of the old barriers. Enormous schemes for the improvement of communication have been announced or set on foot in the provinces. The railways have received notice that before long they will be required to construct a series of branch lines, and a ship canal is to unite the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The small proprietors have also had the much desired opportunity of contributing to a new loan, and the sudden peace of Villafranca must have inspired them with a high notion of the wisdom of a Sovereign who in a few weeks gave them a profit of nearly ten per cent. on their investments. It might have been supposed impossible that any fresh proof of the extremity to which civilization is carried in France should be given; but even this has been effected, and in the month of March a Ministerial decree ordained that there should thenceforth be used throughout France one uniform diapason.

The EMPEROR has thus adhered to his old policy in the past year, and invented a new one that has secured him increased individual prominence. It remains to be seen how he has treated his adversaries. He is continually exposed to attack from two centres, and has so to conduct himself as to keep in check, without driving to the extreme of irritation, the clergy on the one side, and the Liberal party or parties on the other. The year that has gone by has not been either very pleasant or very creditable to the French clergy. One of the very best acts of the Government was the decree published in March, reserving to the Council of State the right of authorizing the opening of places of worship—or, in other words, relieving the Protestants from the persecution of local authorities egged on by clerical fanaticism. The great ecclesiastical feature of the year has, however, been the separation of the Government and the clergy with regard to the questions arising out of the Italian war. Here, it must be acknowledged that the EMPEROR has shown considerable boldness. He has on several occasions bearded the clergy with great resolution. The clerical papers have been forbidden to publish the charges of the Bishops; the *Univers* has received two warnings; and we very much doubt whether, besides the EMPEROR, there is any French statesman, of any party or opinions, who would have ventured to publish at the present crisis the doctrines enunciated in the famous pamphlet on the "Pope and the Congress." Certainly the clergy have done their utmost to discredit their own cause. They alternate the most fulsome adulation of the EMPEROR with vague moanings against his policy. They are like parish boys in presence of a beadle—either trying to deprecate his wrath by loud praises of his beautiful cocked hat, or else shrieking out before they are hit.

The amnesty for political offences proclaimed in August was an evidence that the EMPEROR wished to come to some sort of terms with his Republican and Constitutional opponents. But the past year has proved the utter impossibility of reconciling the Imperial Government with freedom. A short discussion on the expediency of a measure supposed to be in contemplation for giving freedom to the press, was closed by an announcement in the *Moniteur* that the law regulating the press was to remain unaltered. Nor has the police relaxed its vigilant hold on all the more important expressions of French thought. The clever work of M. ABOUT on the Roman Question was indeed allowed to circulate before it was suppressed, as it had the advantage of

being in accordance with the opinions of the EMPEROR; but Paris was forbidden to read M. DE MONTALEMBERT'S lament over the ignoble policy of England, or M. DE GIRARDIN'S project for ruining the British Empire by cutting an unremunerative canal. A much more serious blow to the lovers of free thought and political discussion was inflicted by the suppression of M. D'HAUSSONVILLE'S wise, moderate, and instructive addresses to the Bar and the Councils General. But the voices of Frenchmen who dare to think have not been utterly silenced. M. JULES FAVRE ventured early in the year to express in the Legislative Body his conviction of the absurdity of the attempt to make Italy free while France was herself in bondage. M. PEYRAT, in the *Siccle*, openly denounced the intrigues of the Government to foster ill-will against England, and M. OLLIVIER has publicly renewed his advice to the Liberal party not to abstain from taking what small part they are permitted to take in public affairs. The collected essays of MM. RENAN, PREVOST PARADOL, and ST. MARC GIRARDIN have also appeared to perpetuate the traditional connexion in France between the highest intellectual ability and the unflinching demand for political liberty. In looking to the future, the leaders of the Liberal party are divided between increased fears and increased hopes. On the one hand, there is more apathy and more indifference to public interests among the younger generation than there was; but on the other hand, the differences that divided the friends of freedom are passing away. Time only can show which of these facts is the more important.

MR. CARDWELL AMONG THE DRUIDS.

CABINET Ministers, like the rest of mankind, have their failings. But there is one occasion upon which most of them are all that could be desired. Their prudence, their statesmanship, their reticence, and their amiability at public dinners are unimpeachable. Even the PREMIER, as a post-prandial orator, is positively very often almost discreet. The juice of the grape with most men softens the heart if not the head. The philosophy of the wisest of ancient philosophers is said to have grown more mellow as he sipped—

*Narratur et prisci Catonis
Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.*

Not so the temperate virtue of the English statesman. Throughout the banquet, and the banquet-speechifying, he is as judicious as a judge. Like the Scythian of old the more he drinks the more sober he becomes, and the genius of imprudence shrinks off discouraged and disappointed when it sees a British Minister upon his legs. Doubtless there are exceptions to the rule. Sir JAMES GRAHAM at a Reform dinner is not always what his friends would wish to see him, especially when in company with naval men. Lord CHELMSFORD, too, is occasionally unduly overcome by the contemplation of his own achievements. But, on the whole, it is very rarely that members of the Government say anything excessively improper in the course of the most convivial evening. On the other side of the Channel they manage matters differently. When the Mayor of Nancy or of Chalons-sur-Marne rises to "carry" a toast to the reigning dynasty, or to municipal fraternity, or to the solidarity of Europe, he would be ashamed of himself if he did not create somewhat of a sensation. The eyes of the world are upon him. His speech, accordingly, would be a *coup manqué* unless some part of it were startling enough to be sent off at once by electric telegraph. Amongst ourselves, on the contrary, the sense of publicity, so far from stimulating official eloquence, represses and controls it. Who ever heard of the funds being affected by a Ministerial dinner-out? Our French neighbour the Prefect speaks for ten minutes and electrifies a Province. But our English Secretaries of State will speak for two hours and not shock a single soul. Yet we are very fond of having celebrities at our social festivals, even if they are more or less tame ones. Heaven forbid that they should appear in all the terrors of Parliamentary majesty. We are flattered at finding that the Minister who keeps the Continent in hot water is a good-natured-looking gentleman in evening dress. We like to hear him talk, and do not much care what he talks about. We can understand about the British Constitution and the French, and are pleased to think that politics are not so difficult after all. It is only female audiences that are dissatisfied unless they hear something which they cannot comprehend.

In this season of Christmas gatherings Mr. CARDWELL has been to visit his constituency, and has dined in state at Oxford with the venerable Society of Druids. The ancient Druids are no doubt as respectable as they are old, though their trysting tree of modern years has probably oftener been the mahogany than the oak. It is quite proper that Mr. CARDWELL should be fêted by them, and the city of Oxford has fair reason to be proud of its representative. We do not expect to be told that he initiated them into many Cabinet secrets, nor would it have been decorous or desirable that he should do so. A few quiet commonplaces, "serenely good if not profoundly wise," are the staple commodity for Ministerial orators on occasions such as these. Yet we may, learn something from the tone and the air with which commonplaces are uttered. No member of the Government could well touch upon the most ordinary and least esoteric topics of the day, without showing to some extent the light in which they are presenting themselves to his own mind and to that of his colleagues—without marking the spirit in which he was disposed to look at what is passing at home and abroad. His remarks may be general and vague, but his manner of making them is more or less significant. Mr. CARDWELL, the other evening, briefly dwelt upon three questions of considerable interest to the country—the state of our foreign relations, and the condition of Ireland, and the prospect of a Reform Bill. Some slight peculiarities in his method of glancing at all three are sufficient to attract our attention, and to provoke serious comment.

He takes some trouble to indicate to us that the Continental horizon, as far as England is concerned, is without a cloud. He believes our position to be one, not only of peace, but of security. Nothing in the history of the last few years is more remarkable than the pertinacity with which the various members of successive Governments have insisted from time to time that our foreign affairs were in the best possible condition. Whatever happens, they appear to think it expedient to treat the country as the captain of a steamer treats elderly ladies in a storm. The sentinel who is always proclaiming that wolves exist only in imagination awakens at last the same distrust as the man who is for ever crying wolf. Englishmen have begun to neglect and to suspect the soothing after-dinner bulletins on the subject of our continental relations which Ministers are so fond of issuing. No doubt the last few weeks have drawn the French and English Cabinets into something like a friendly understanding, especially with reference to Italian independence. But if Mr. CARDWELL is no longer anxious about England, he certainly ought to be. It is quite absurd—begging his pardon—to say that her position is one of security; we feel in our hearts that it is not. Foreigners all over Europe will tell us it is not. The volunteer movement—justifiable as it is, of course, upon a general principle of prudence—is in reality an anticipative movement of defence to meet particular dangers which seemed, and, to some, still seem, very near us. Mr. CARDWELL, however, like Mr. GLADSTONE, is far from enthusiastic about the volunteer movement. He takes the pill, protesting that he does so on abstract grounds of health alone. This view he defends by a metaphor. People, he tells us, do not insure their houses from fear of any immediate or particular calamity. Yet the citizen who lives next door to a "rocket-manufacturer" would hardly say that he had no eye to special contingencies in attending promptly and punctually to the payment of his policy. A polite distrust of NAPOLEON III. is the true cause of the formation of national rifle corps.

On the subject of Ireland, Mr. CARDWELL—as indeed became one who was speaking to Ancient Druids—was mysterious. "There are difficulties," he said, "with regard to the government of that land, different from those with which we are acquainted." Gracious heavens! we are acquainted with enough. To what new complication does he allude? It cannot be Dr. McHALE again. We know all about him already. It cannot be Marshal McMAHON. His is an old story, and, come what may, he cannot turn out to be more nearly related to BRIAN BORU than he is at present. It cannot be "Repale," or we should have heard of it from independent sources. Is it a fresh Ribbon conspiracy? Hardly; for Mr. CARDWELL proposes to deal with it according to the golden law of love—not the worst law, certainly, for dealing with Irishmen. It must be some question, not new in itself, which he has learnt to look on in a new light during his sojourn in the atmosphere of Irish politics. What is the new view of an old question which Englishmen have not as yet dreamt of taking, and at which Mr. CARD-

WELL scarcely ventures to hint? The Ancient Druids perhaps never thought of puzzling their hoary heads about it. But some political measure was doubtless concealed under all that mass of admirable Christian sentiment, though time alone can bring the solution of the enigma.

The problem, certainly not yet solved, what modicum of Reform is likely at once to pass the House of Commons and to satisfy the nation, Mr. CARDWELL seems inclined to regard from a cheery point of view. If his speech is to be regarded as a reflex of the sentiments of the Government, all that can be said is, that Lord PALMERSTON'S Cabinet, like MARK TAPLEY, possesses an extraordinary capacity for being jolly under difficulties. As few persons would have been tempted to suppose that Ministers were about to propose some wild Conservative scheme for universal disfranchisement, we gain but little by the assurance that the rock on which the Tory ship foundered will not be that which will shipwreck the vessel that comes after it. Shifting sands and floating rocks beset the channel of Reform, and each navigator has to encounter fresh dangers and difficulties of his own. The obstacles which threaten to embarrass the action of the present Ministry are neither slight nor few, and it would be unwise of Mr. CARDWELL and his colleagues to underrate their importance. The present Cabinet floated into power in consequence of the vote of a majority which could only be got together for purposes of destruction. That majority was a very slight one. At the present moment not many votes would be required again to turn the scale, and to replace in their former position the recently ejected occupants of office. Fifteen or twenty deserters, frightened over to the enemy, would render the PREMIER'S tenure of the Treasury Bench most precarious. Spleen or factiousness on the part of the followers of Mr. BRIGHT, should Lord DERBY'S party again see fit to coalesce with their inveterate foes, might lead to a similar result. The best security which HER MAJESTY'S Ministers enjoy lies in the hope and belief now prevalent throughout the country that their foreign policy will be henceforward liberal and patriotic. They are further, it must be confessed, in some measure dependent upon the moderation of the independent members of the Conservative body. Nothing is more probable than that Mr. DISRAELI will seize the first opportunity of leading his phalanx of country gentlemen to the assault. It is true that some Irish members who supported Lord PALMERSTON and the Whigs in Opposition may desert them now they are in power, though it remains to be seen whether all who supported Mr. DISRAELI during his reign will consent to aid and abet him in factious manoeuvres now that he in turn is in opposition. Under these circumstances, it is natural that Ministers should be cautious—it is very strange that they should be confident.

LORD MACAULAY.

ON Monday next Westminster Abbey will receive the body of one of the very small number of our contemporaries who have had a real claim to be laid there. There may possibly be amongst us men of greater learning than Lord Macaulay, though they must be very few. We may even have writers whose technical literary skill is superior to his. We have certainly deeper thinkers, but no man is left amongst us who has shown in so many ways the general power and fire which pervaded his whole nature. There are amongst us, no doubt, miracles of versatility. We have statesmen who pique themselves on literary ability, and men of letters who speak with considerable confidence on politics; but there is a wide difference between the cleverness which does a number of things well which have no solid connexion with each other, and the force and greatness of mind which displays itself with equal vigour in kindred, though separate pursuits. The one shows nothing more than the pliability and dexterity of the mind which possesses it, and it is not unfrequently associated with a levity or insincerity of character which may excite our astonishment without gaining our respect; but the other is among the strongest proofs which can possibly be given of true depth and genuine power, not merely of understanding, but of character. The real foundation on which Lord Macaulay's greatness rested was the substantial unity of his whole life. The principles of his literary and of his political career were identical. He was not of those who pass from letters to politics in order to provide new stimulants for a vanity satiated by old ones, but he made the two halves of his life play into each other. And after advocating in Parliament, with extraordinary power and success, the principles to which he was attached, he proceeded to advocate them with even greater and more permanent effect as a political historian. No other politician, and no other author, has ever set in so strong a light the great truth that the business of life is the best apprenticeship to literature, and that the higher departments of literature derive the same advantage from a practical acquaintance with

the business of life which the blood derives from passing through the lungs. Whatever may be the faults or defects of Lord Macaulay's books, it is impossible to read them without feeling that, though the author had more rhetoric and more imagination in his composition than almost any one of his contemporaries, he is neither a poet nor a rhetorician, but a sober and experienced statesman. He is the master of his fancy, and not its servant; and if any one compares his life and writings with those of M. de Lamartine and M. Michelet, he will see how strong a contrast there is between a statesman who is also a man of genius, and a man of genius who supposes that, as such, he is of necessity a statesman.

Deep and valuable as was the influence which Lord Macaulay's legal and political training exercised over his mind, it can only be considered, upon a review of his whole career, as an apprenticeship to those literary labours which were the real work of his life. It was through them that he exercised the widest influence over his contemporaries, and it is by them that he will be remembered hereafter. The same unity which has been ascribed to his life characterizes the whole of his writings. With hardly an exception, they are fundamentally historical and political. One or two of his essays are purely critical; but most of them relate either to politics or to political biography, and his poems, without an exception, are of the same cast. It is, therefore, in his conception of history and politics, and in his manner of dealing with them, that the leading habits of his mind are to be traced. One of the most characteristic of them was his constant and instinctive association of politics with history. He was not only a Whig, but he was the greatest, and indeed almost the only great, advocate and expounder of Whig principles since the time of Burke. These principles are essentially historical. They rest, not upon any theory as to the rights of man, nor as to the pleasures and pains of which men are susceptible, but on a series of facts and precedents relating to the rights of Englishmen; and though persons are not wanting who condemn them as narrow and shallow, it is an unquestionable truth that their assertion has been closely allied, not only with a course of national greatness and prosperity unequalled in human history, but also with a spirit of reverence and affection for the past which in other countries has hardly ever been separated from a love for despotism and bigotry. It would be impossible on the present occasion to discuss the limitations and additions subject to which Whig principles may be accepted as true. No doubt they are very important, and in so far as he failed to recognise them, Lord Macaulay's political theories were false or defective; but no reasonable man can doubt that their prevalence and assertion have been of inestimable value to the nation, and it is no small service to have grasped them with the firmness and to have expressed them with the symmetry and power which mark every portion of Lord Macaulay's writings. Many readers may feel that in his reviews of Mr. Gladstone's "Essay on Church and State" and Southey's "Colloquies on Society," and in his Essay on the admission of the Jews to Parliament, Lord Macaulay not only left untouched many questions of vast importance, but failed to show that he appreciated their weight. Yet it is still to be said that the theory which he did advance is a very weighty and perfect one, that he threw it into the clearest shape possible, and that in so doing he rendered a service of vast importance to all persons who think upon the subject—and especially to those who agree with him least, inasmuch as the systematic vigour of his expressions must force his opponents, if they have any power of mind at all, into an attempt to invest their objections to them with something like equal clearness.

The greater part of Lord Macaulay's opinions on politics are very characteristically embodied in his narratives, and can hardly be separated from them; and though his polemical writings are admirably vigorous and precise, he undoubtedly showed far more of his real nature in describing men and relating facts. We have already, on former occasions, criticised at considerable length the manner in which he discharged this function; and in doing so, we unavoidably insisted rather on defects which might be matter of question and inquiry, than on merits so universally recognised that no other comment on them would have been possible than a repetition of praises which had become so commonplace as to be almost trivial. No doubt Lord Macaulay's colours were generally too glaring, and we still think that his habit of resting satisfied with exclaiming against the inconsistencies which he detected in the conduct of remarkable persons, without attempting to discover the principles by which they might be harmonized and reconciled, was unfortunate, and sometimes unjust. We cannot look upon Marlborough as a moral monster, nor are we prepared to admit that James was a living contradiction, because he risked his soul for the sake of his mistress, whilst he was risking his crown for the sake of his creed. But though we still see the blemishes of the most popular history that ever was written, we neither regret nor wonder at its popularity; nor can any one see that massive and wonderful fragment—glowing with enthusiastic ardour, and testifying in its very defects to the rush and riot of genius by which it was moulded—without feeling that the strong man who bowed himself before his work was done would, if he had been spared to complete it, have left behind him, not indeed the greatest of histories, but a book which would have done more than almost any other to delight his countrymen, and to teach them to love as he did the land over which he rejoiced and exulted with an admiration

aspassionate as it was manly. Now that that eloquent tongue and more eloquent pen are silent for ever, it is to these characteristics that the mind most willingly reverts. Whatever else he was, Lord Macaulay was a true Englishman. A truer and a more hearty lover of his country never lived. With occasional asperity, with some injustice, with a good deal of language which it is hard to justify, and with some estimates of individual character with which it is difficult to sympathize, the keynote both of the History and of the Essays is as generous, as true, and as magnanimous as was ever struck. The first lines of his ballad on the Spanish Armada might well form the motto of his greater works:—

Attend all ye who love to hear our noble England's praise;
I sing of the three famous deeds she wrought in ancient days.

There are probably no finer compositions of their kind in the language than the Essays on Lord Clive and Warren Hastings. The founders of our Indian Empire stand out before us as they fought and conquered, with the grandeur of victory and patriotism shining through the blemishes and crimes by which they were stained. They live and move without grimace and without exaggeration, not claiming to be heroes whom we are to worship, nor incarnate ideas which we are to analyse, but English gentlemen whom, for the good service which they did to their country, we can love, and honour, and forgive.

In these days, when young people are so sedulously provided, through the medium of little pictures of little domestic incidents, and little caricatures of little follies, with a store of little samples and theories about the world in which they live, and with a sort of *hortus siccus* of emotions and tempers from which they may learn how they will or ought to feel in every possible circumstance of life, Lord Macaulay's Essays have an incidental value which is almost boundless. There is hardly any other book relating to modern times, which will at once tempt a boy to read and teach him to think. They contain a wider range of really sound knowledge, and exemplify more fully the qualities of massiveness, precision, and definite statement, than any other book which a boy is likely to read; and they have, moreover, the irresistible merit of dealing with large subjects in a large and fearless way, and sweeping aside with a rough hand the cobwebs which so often entangle and fascinate the young by the promise which they hold out of mystery and profundity. Their faults are hardly likely to injure a mind of any depth; for there is nothing which such minds (especially in youth) resist more vehemently than a theory which is certainly clear and possibly shallow. The Essay on Bacon, to which great and just objection has been taken, is quite as likely to lead an inquisitive lad to try to find out for himself whether Bacon really was no more than a sort of scientific Bentham, as to induce him to congratulate himself on knowing all that is to be known on the subject. Indeed, if he is in danger of the latter result, Lord Macaulay is hardly likely to do more than give an intelligible form to errors which would otherwise have assumed a confused one.

Of all Lord Macaulay's works, his poems are, in one respect, the most curious. Their composition was perhaps one of the most remarkable *tour de force* upon record. They have effectually popularized one of the leading theories of Niebuhr's history, and they have done so with such force and simplicity that the theory (which is one of almost universal application) is made intelligible to thousands of readers who are ignorant, not only of German, but of Latin. To have combined the production of such a result with the composition of almost the only really spirited ballads written in the present generation would have been enough to secure a considerable literary reputation. Campbell immortalized himself by two songs, Gray by thirty or forty stanzas; and we may form some notion of Lord Macaulay's claims upon fame by the thought that, of the thousands to whom his name is familiar, comparatively few associate him with the Prophecy of Cypars, the Battle of the Lake Regillus, or the ballad on the Spanish Armada.

To those who were honoured with Lord Macaulay's personal friendship, his works will always have an interest which, with all their popularity, they can hardly excite in most of his readers. Few men have impressed their personal character more deeply on what they wrote. It has been insinuated that Lord Macaulay had little sympathy with those amongst whom his early life was passed, and that the opinions and professions of his manhood were very discordant with the lessons of his youth. It would be impertinent to enter largely upon this question, but it may be stated with great confidence that the society in which his childhood was passed, and from which his earliest impressions were received was not the dull, bigoted, narrow-minded circle which some assertions respecting it and him would imply that it was. Lord Macaulay was not the only man of mark in the present generation who was brought up in his infancy at Clapham. When the "Clapham Sect" is referred to, it should be remembered that one of the ablest speakers and one of the best political economists of the last generation were amongst the half dozen persons upon whom Sydney Smith bestowed the collective nickname. Lord Macaulay's father was something better than a man of genius, for he sacrificed not only his time and his labour, but his fortune, and, as far as calumny could destroy it, his reputation, to labours of love, in which he bore the burden whilst others reaped the glory. When it was implied that it was an extraordinary thing that men of ability should be born and bred in

such a society, it should be remembered that the same society produced many other men who were highly distinguished in their day. It would be easy, but it would also be inappropriate, to name them here. We may, however, properly remark that for any one who understands the temper of those to whom we refer, it is easy to trace the influence upon Lord Macaulay's mind of his father's friends. His works do not contain—and it is, to some extent, part of their plan to exclude—express statements of theological belief. Nor is this surprising when we remember that one modern doctrine of the political school to which he belonged, and of the theological party amongst whom he was brought up, was the separation of politics and theology; but on the other hand he invariably handles religious subjects not only with reverence, but with a certain tenderness. Nothing is more striking than the traces which his style displays of knowledge of and of affection for the Bible. One of the graces of style for which his essays are conspicuous is the beauty and reverence with which he introduces Biblical expressions when the opportunity for doing so arises. It was not from Mr. Carlyle that Lord Macaulay learned to admire Cromwell; and it ought to be remembered that in some of his earliest writings—writings in which his youthful impressions can be traced most forcibly—he manfully contended for the greatness of the Puritans.

To those who knew Lord Macaulay personally, a studied vindication of his affection for the memory of the friends of his youth would read like an insult. The quality by which he was most pre-eminently distinguished was the intensity of his domestic affections. A warmer-hearted man, or one more disposed to cherish hereditary friendship, to acknowledge and to repay obligations, to show kindness, to do favours, to help the distressed, never lived in the world. This, however, is ground on which it would be wrong to linger here. It is enough for us to bear witness to the regret with which we see so eminent a man struck off from that list of great men which increases so slowly and diminishes so fast.

ANALOGIES OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

THE most important contribution to human thought which the present day witnesses is unquestionably the indirect teaching of physical science. It seems to us much more important than the direct teaching, for that has only to do with the material universe. But the indirect teaching of physical science affects man himself in his moral, religious, and social nature. The most remarkable instance of this teaching is the notion of physical certainty which has been imported into the discussion of many of the problems most interesting to man. In the first place, science gives us a new standard of certainty, and a new appreciation of the value of evidence; and, secondly, as man is never separated from the material universe, we are brought at many points of every social and moral discussion in mental contact with subjects of thought that have a peculiar certainty of their own. And the study of physical science has introduced into general thought other notions only second in importance to that of certainty. It has brought home to us the conceptions of infinitude and of growth. We are carried forward for ever and for ever to the infinitely great and the infinitely little. We are made familiar with the thought that creation has no end and no beginning. The notion of growth—of the enormous effect of existing agencies when their activity is spread over a great period of time—cannot fail to show itself soon in every speculation that has to do with the position of man on earth.

Sir Charles Lyell, by unfolding the history of geological time, and Mr. Darwin, by investigating the principles that regulate the succession of varieties, have together laid the foundation of as great a change in philosophical thought as any that has taken place since philosophy first began to possess records. Very naturally, there are active and intelligent minds which are excited by the novelty and overwhelming interest of the subject to work out the connexion between what we know of physical science and the moral and political history of man; and, as naturally, they are led into taxing their ingenuity so as to make it clear that physical science explains everything in the moral world. What they insist on is, that analogies exist between the physical and the moral world. This opens a wide field for inquiry. By analogies it may only be meant that physical facts offer good illustrations of moral and social facts; or it may be meant that there is a complete resemblance, and even identity, between the constitution and operation of the physical and moral world. A very interesting and ingenious article in the new number of the *Westminster Review* attempts to show that the analogies are of the latter character. We cannot coincide with the line of reasoning which the author adopts, but what he says is so well worth studying that we will give a short sketch of the contents of the article before we proceed to criticise them.

His leading proposition is, that the different societies of men find their exact counterpart in different organisms of the animal kingdom. Societies, he says, agree with individual organisms in three conspicuous peculiarities—that, commencing as small aggregations, they insensibly augment in mass, that they assume in the course of their growth a continually increasing complexity of structure, and that their parts gradually acquire a mutual dependence. He then proceeds to details, and begins with the most

rudimentary forms of societies and of animal life. The almost structureless Protozoa unite into regular or irregular aggregations of different sizes. So, among the lowest races, as the Bushmen, we find incipient aggregation—sometimes single families, sometimes two or three families wandering about together. Then, as in the animal kingdom we ascend from unorganized groups of cells to groups of cells that have different duties, so we ascend from the Bushmen to the hunting tribes, in which there are more or less of governmental organization. While all the men are warriors and hunters, a part of them form a council of chiefs. The next stage is that of germination. The Hydra, for example, puts forth from its surface a bud which, growing and gradually assuming the form of the parent, finally becomes detached. In like manner, portions of savage tribes separate off from the main stock, and large regions are peopled. But in most of the Hydrozoa, the progeny remain still attached by a vascular connexion to the parent stem, although they are sufficiently detached to have a separate existence. This symbolizes the union of groups of connate tribes into nations. Having arrived at a nation, we now come to the parallels to the growth of classes in a nation. The primary aggregation of cells out of which the living creature is formed separates into two layers—an inner, or mucous layer, and an outer, or serous layer. Out of the mucous layer is developed the apparatus of nutrition, while out of the serous layer is developed the apparatus of external action. In the evolution of a society, the author of the article sees a primary differentiation of an analogous kind. The council of chiefs, the governing class, controls the external action of the society, and answers to the serous layer. The mass of the people becomes devoted to the process of alimentation, like the mucous layer. But the analogy goes further. In the course of time a third layer, he says, is developed between the other two—the vascular layer, out of which proceeds the system of blood-vessels. So, as a society goes on, there grows up a third class, the trading or middle class, which answers to the vascular layer; for traders, like blood-vessels, are essentially distributors, and the excess of nutrition over waste in a living body exactly corresponds to profit in commercial affairs. The blood itself answers to the consumable commodities circulated through the whole community; and further, there is a complete analogy in the appliances by which the circulation takes place. There are railways along which scores of trains, drawing hundreds of persons, pass at an enormous speed; and there are the great arteries through which the blood rushes rapidly in successive pulses. The high roads, with their smaller traffic and speed, answer to the diminished pulsation of the smaller arteries, and in parish roads the movement is slower, and the way more tortuous, as in the ultimate arteries. Nor is there a parallel wanting for the government of the country. The serous layer is the ultimate source of the nervo-muscular system, and the nervo-muscular system governs the whole body. The ganglia unite into the one mass of the cephalic ganglion, which is “the co-ordinator of the creature’s movements,” and holds a place in the body like that of the King in the State. But the cephalic ganglion really consists of many cells, and in this the author sees a parallel to the co-operation of a Ministry with the sovereign. The cephalic ganglion, however, is itself controlled by the masses of ganglia that in the highest vertebrate animals are superior to the cephalic. These masses are the analogue of the Lords and Commons, who control the King and his Ministry; and just as the cerebrum receives only the representatives of sensations, and not sensations themselves, so the House of Commons is a body representing the country at large. Sometimes, however, in moments of alarm, the cephalic ganglion acts without the direction of the cerebrum, just as the Executive sometimes acts in a crisis or on a sudden emergency without consulting parliament. But the cerebrum subsequently judges of the impulsive movement, and pronounces that it was foolish or wise to start or jump; and in the same way Parliament, when it subsequently meets, accords or refuses a bill of indemnity.

We are obliged from want of space to omit many more analogies which are worked out with much ingenuity, but we have probably said enough to give some notion of the author’s theory. Obviously, if it were true, it would be of the greatest importance. We should only have to understand the anatomy of the highest vertebrate animals, and we should know the highest type of the constitution of society. All disputes about the best form of government in itself would be at an end. The English Constitution would be as clearly the best of political organizations as man is the highest of vertebrate animals. It might be natural and proper that other nations should have other types of government, just as it is natural and proper that there should be monkeys and elephants as well as men. But the scheme of a cellular ganglion, controlled by cerebral masses, would remain for ever the criterion of political perfection. And the mere fact that the analogies of nature are so complete would of itself be a clue to knowledge of the most curious kind. It is, therefore, highly interesting to see whether the theory is open to patent objections.

The first remark the article suggests is that it is evidently coloured by the feeling which prompts the interpreters of prophecy to place every great coming event in their own time. Interpretation would lose its interest unless Louis Napoleon could be shown to be the Man of Sin—unless Wiseman, written in Telegu, made 666 in the Tamil notation—and unless a vial was to be poured out at

a distance of time near enough to be exciting, and far enough off to promise momentary safety. The writer of the article is in the same way determined to make everything square with England in 1860. If you choose to call the cephalic ganglia the Queen, and the cerebral masses the Parliament, it is true that in England, at this particular moment of time, the analogy exists. But in no other country in the world does the analogy hold good. It is absurd to say that in new constitutional countries, like Belgium and Sardinia, the cephalic ganglion has ceased to be the supreme authority. Were it not for Leopold and Victor Emmanuel the cerebral masses would be likely to disappear. Nor is there any room allowed for future changes even in England. If there is one tendency in modern affairs more obvious than another, it is the tendency towards democracy. Is there any tendency in the cerebrum to be more and more affected by the mucous layer? On the face of it, the analogy is faulty. We are told the cerebral masses represent the Lords and Commons, but the Lords are immediately got rid of. We presume that the property of having a representative consciousness is common to the whole cerebral mass; and, if so, where are the Lords? Then it is characteristic of the highest animal life to have the nervo-muscular system very distinct, elaborate, and active; but it is characteristic of the progress of society, so far as we can see it, that the governing class becomes less distinct, less organized, and less powerful. If we were to put the effect of the Reform Bill into the language of anatomy, we should say that it made the blood-vessels become part of the nervous system—that is, the traders enter the sphere of political power. If there is an analogy for an indemnity bill, there surely might be an analogy for this; but there is no analogy for it whatever.

We do not see that any of the analogies insisted on by the Westminster Reviewer rise higher than Illustrations. Many very excellent illustrations from the constitution of society may be adduced to help the comprehension of anatomical facts, and *vice versa*. But then they do no more than help the mind to picture the less known by thinking of the more known. A good instance is quoted in the Westminster from Baron Liebig. He compares the function of silver and gold, as media of exchange, to that of the blood corpuscles in the human organization. “As these round discs, without taking an immediate share in the nutritive process, are the medium of the change of matter and of the force by which the motions of the blood are determined, so has gold become the medium of all activity in the life of the State.” This is a very good illustration. Persons familiar with the operation of a metallic currency are helped, by thinking of it, to imagine the office which the blood corpuscles have to perform. So if a person wished to illustrate the relations of the cephalic ganglion and the cerebrum, it might not be a very inapt illustration to say that the cerebrum controls the cephalic ganglion, as Parliament controls the executive under the existing English constitution. But then it would be an equally good illustration to speak of a person growing old as descending into the vale of years.

The great difference between analogies and illustrations is, that analogies will only hold good when applied to some special things, whereas illustrations will illustrate very different things. The anatomical facts collected in the Westminster article will, we think, illustrate very different things. An Imperialist might see the Emperor in the cerebrum and the Legislative Body in the cephalic ganglion. He might point out that in inferior animals the ganglia meet in the cephalic ganglion, which is a part of, and yet rules the rest, just as Assemblies and Parliaments are a part of, but rule the nation. In higher animals there is a directive and counselling power that receives impressions in a different way, and makes the whole creature obey it. This, in a highly organized State, is the Emperor. Sometimes, however, the cephalic ganglion gives a start, and the cerebrum is in abeyance—that is, there is a Revolution, and the Assembly is then the centre of action. But this is very temporary, and the cerebrum and Emperor soon resume their sway. The general principle remains as a principle. The higher animals and States are more complex; for, so far as we know, it is universally true that wherever there are different kinds of the same thing, the most complex is the highest—that is, has most activity, and if possessed of consciousness, has most conscious enjoyment. But when we go farther we only get into illustrations. Complexities are not of the same kind, but one detail of complexity will help the mind to comprehend another.

CLERICAL PHILANDERING.

MANY grievous accusations are made against the clergy at the present time; but we are not inclined to lay to their charge anything worse than a confirmed propensity to philandering. A bevy of young ladies who praise up his sermons, decorate his church, pull caps for his notice, and expound their consciences to him after tea, is now the regular appendage of almost every clergyman who has a parish of any size to look after. If there are two clergymen in the parish, there are two beavies of young ladies, forming hostile camps, and working antagonistic slippers, or stoles, as the case may be. They bear an important part in the clergyman’s duties, for they unite the functions of instruments and materials. Half his time is occupied in taking care of their dear souls—the other half in taking counsel with them as to the management of the rest of the parish

in such matters as church ornaments, cottage meetings, and the like. It is not to be wondered at that the spiritual converse of the week crops out in the Sunday sermon, or that there should be something eminently young ladyish in the clergyman's way of doing parochial business. It is far from being entirely the clergyman's fault. No doubt, in most cases, he is nothing loth. Even if he is perfectly single-minded, and is actuated by mere zeal for his profession, a young lady's soul soul has peculiar attractions for a spiritual manipulator—its soft malleability is so pleasant a contrast to the tough impracticable fibre of a middle-aged man of business. She runs up the whole gamut of spiritual emotions, from abject penitence to seraphic love, with such flexibility and ease, that it is quite charming to have the privilege of putting her through it. It is quite natural that a clergyman should like working on a young lady's soul, just as a pianist likes playing on a lively instrument, or a mason likes working freestone; for that the stone which yields readily to the chisel is often the first to yield to the weather is a truth which clergymen frequently find out only after disheartening experience. And then they are men—often young men—somewhat hardly used by the world's conventions. Their work is of a wearing and saddening kind, and the world forbids them almost every conceivable form of relaxation. The study of feminine experiences, detailed by blooming lips, is almost the only kind of excitement compatible with the starchy existence they are expected to maintain. That they should nourish an exaggerated taste for it is intelligible, if not quite defensible.

But even if a clergyman is on his guard, he finds it difficult to shake himself free from the adoration of female votaries. When he comes into his cure, he finds the circle of devotees ready to fall on their knees; and unless he have some very strong personal disqualification—unless he be blessed with some such exemption as black teeth or an unromantic obesity—he will not succeed in repressing the homage which is the chief business of their lives. They will not take a refusal. A tolerably well-formed priest has an attraction to the young-lady mind which no reluctance on his part can neutralize. If he is High Church, she must confess to him in the vestry with locked doors—he in his surplice and she on her knees, just like a medieval picture. If he is Low Church, she must have him up to tea, or walk home with him from church, and pour forth the budget of spiritual experiences which she is convinced are at least as marvellous as the *Pilgrim's Progress*; and he is so charmed with her openness that he cannot refrain from displaying his Christian confidence in her by making a little confession in return. Then she deepens her guilt just a little in order that she may be earnestly contradicted, and exaggerates her despair just a little in order that he may console her; and he, remembering that consolation is his office, administers it in abundance and with exemplary zeal. And they part, not displeased with each other, but still with their convictions unshaken that flirtation is a vain and worldly thing which no consistent Christian should give way to. Of course some clergymen are more apt for these tender ministrations than others. Types of attraction vary from time to time. The starved type used to be much in fashion. Time was when, in a merely æsthetic—not a practical—point of view, well-disposed young ladies were enthusiasts for asceticism; and the surest way to a female parishioner's heart was a thin, white cheek and attenuated limbs, premature baldness, and the stoop of exhaustion. Of late years, however, a change has come over the spirit of the feminine dream, and the muscular parson is in his apogee. Just now, leaping the churchyard-gate instead of opening it appears to be a clergyman's most certain road to popularity.

The profane laity are very fond of taking a coarse view of this subject, and of hinting at very gross evils as the probable result of this interchange of heavenly consolation and very terrestrial adoration. We have no intention of following the fashion in this respect. The extreme hypocrisy of masking the worst forms of vice under the pretence of a religious exercise may of course be found in exceptional cases, but it could not become prevalent except in an age of thorough religious decadence, with which, spite of all its faults, the nineteenth century will hardly be charged. Nor are there any facts to bear out the hypothesis. The recent clerical scandals are entirely opposed to such a suspicion. As a rule, a clergyman who is inclined to misconduct himself will prefer to do so in somebody else's parish. The Stepney incumbent goes to Margate for his amusements, and if one of the Margate incumbents were equally ill-disposed, he would no doubt return the compliment. The recent case in Kent, which the newspapers relate under the old name of "Painful Elopement," is taken out of ordinary rules by the disturbing cause of 100,000*l.* But there are other evils of a more subtle kind, which are worked by a parsonic "pet of the petticoats." This clerical propensity has not only made the mass of the male sex look upon religion as a womanish kind of thing, belonging more to the decorums than the realities of life, but it has actually made religion a womanish thing. There is something intensely womanish about both the thoughts and actions of the younger race of clergymen of average ability. It is only too easy to recognise in their preaching the feminine preference for the emotional and the sentimental, and in their ceremonial the feminine mania for dressing themselves out. If they have to judge of the external world, they bring to the task all a woman's narrowness of reasoning, passionate partisanship, and utter absence of fair play. There is a strange parallelism between a

woman's and a clergyman's mind in the invincible ignorance which both of them display concerning the rudimentary ideas of law and justice. Put a dowager at Lambeth, and she would probably hear appeals precisely in the same fashion as the Archbishop of Canterbury, and appear just as often in the mandamuses of the Court of Queen's Bench. Instal a young lady as curate at St. George's-in-the-East, and she would arm her choristers with eggs to pelt the heterodox, and uphold her favourite ritual by standing at the church door and tugging at the coat-tails of all enemies who tried to enter in. And if you were to put female preachers into the pulpits of a large town, in nine cases out of ten the sermon would be of the same type—entirely occupied with teaching people what they are to think of, whether in the way of feeling or imagining, and entirely passing over what they are to do. All a clergyman's knowledge of human nature is so much derived from the habitual study of the young-lady conscience, that he has as little idea of the religious lessons needed for the hard practical life of men as the Pope has of civil government. The result of this clerical effeminacy of mind is not unlike what takes place in Roman Catholic communities, and is one that every friend of religion must deplore. There is a gulf between this form of the clerical mind and the ordinary male mind which is deep, and daily deepening. On the one side, it is a pity akin to contempt, too apathetic to form itself into words—on the other, there are pious hands uplifted in meek spitefulness. Unfortunately this kind of estrangement has a tendency to increase by its own force. The clergyman's acquired womanishness probably includes that taste for management and household strategy which is a strongly marked feminine peculiarity. The layman may be slow in extending his contempt for the preacher to the preacher's creed; but, if anything is likely to quicken the process, it is the discovery which he will probably make that the clergyman is trying to recover his lost hold by the agency of female influence. From the prevalence of this device among religious teachers in all countries we must presume that there was a time—in the days, no doubt, of Clovis and Ethelbert—when its victims endured it patiently. But nothing irritates an Englishman of the present day so irremediably as the knowledge that he is the object of a furtive benevolence, which is perpetually lying in ambush to do his soul good clandestinely, especially if his woman-kind are the instruments of the operation. These tactics and this mutual attitude of clergy and laity, have produced in Roman Catholic countries a frightful bitterness on the part of the laity, which may at any moment flame up into open enmity. With us, the causes in operation are far feebler; and the antidotes in the form of clergy whose intellects are too strong and whose nature is too manly to yield to such follies, are more abundant. But at the same time the evil with us has less excuse; and that it exists, in more than one section of the Church, is certain, though to a far less extent than in countries where spiritual "direction" is systematized. This practice of sublimated flirtation must be expected among the Roman clergy—it is a legitimate consequence of enforced celibacy. If Hildebrand did not foresee that the relations of *le prêtre, la femme, et la famille* would be the difficulty of his system, he knew very little of the world. It was partly to avoid this difficulty that in England the marriage of the clergy, which in an economical point of view has its drawbacks, was permitted. But if the clergy insist on marrying first and flirting afterwards, we get the evils of both systems and the benefits of neither.

THE LADIES' CLUB.

WE reproduce—and we give the ladies the benefit of the announcement, without charging the office price for it—an advertisement which appeared in our columns last week:—

LADIES' READING ROOM, with LUNCHEON ROOM attached (under the management of Ladies). Subscription One Guinea per Annum. References strictly required. Apply to the Secretary, 19, Langham-place, Regent-street, W.

The *Times* recently startled us all by its allusion to a society, happily extinct, which was attempted in Paris, *Pour suivre les Maris*. We fear that the strong instincts of self-defence will compel the British husband to think of a *Société pour suivre les Dames*. Here is an innovation with a vengeance. The Armstrong gun turned against Sir William's factory, Perillus roasted in his own bull, Guillotine truncated of his head by his own instrument of death, are as nothing to the ladies adopting club-life, and turning this engine of domestic neglect against its unlucky inventors. For, to all intents and purposes, the thing is a club. We have a reading-room and a library attached to our own masculine places of assembly; but the ladies know as well as we do (and perhaps better than we do) that this is only to save appearances. They are pretty well convinced that a club is only a gross and barbarous fraternity, where men meet together for the worst of purposes—to get better dinners, and then of course to abuse the domestic *cuisine*—to discuss their household affairs (they call it politics, but the women know better), and to plan schemes for tyrannizing over their wives—to exchange family experiences, to drink, and smoke, and play at whist, and to arrange little holidays at Richmond and Gravesend. "That club," all the ladies are assured, is only the conventional cloak for any deed of darkness in the married man. Does he neglect the dinner, or the evening party, or the promised lounge at the Exhibition? is he late or unpunctual?—it is all the doing of that club. Whether this a true account of

the club and club-life—whether it really does keep the single man single, and whether it gives the ease and license of bachelor-life to the married—is not so much the question. We only speak of the fact that this is the feminine estimate of a club. At any rate, it is that solitary British institution into which the ladies cannot force an entrance. It is as strictly tabooed as the island of Saint Senanus. It must be something very bad, because the wife has no admission even on business. Everywhere else the guardian angel interposes. The artisan's helpmate can, if a very strong-minded and strong-bodied one, attack the enemy in the entrenchments of the tap-room, and the sturdiest reader of the *Advertiser* slinks off under the protection of his wife. But we fancy that Lady M'Sabretash would find it difficult to pass the porter of the Rag and Famish, even though she were certain that Sir Hercules was in the smoking room. The very obscurity which surrounds club-life invests it with mystery and speculation to the female mind. It is the one thing she knows nothing about. Woman is, at least in America, an M.D. There seems to be no reason why, if (as is the law in England) she may be a churchwarden, she may not be an M.P. Mrs. Cobbett at least once or twice a year pleads in the Court of Queen's Bench, and not worse than many an outer barrister. We have lady travellers, lady artists, lady critics, lady professors, lady preachers, lady physicians, lady lawyers, and lady writers; but not one of them can ever be proposed at the Athenæum or the Travellers. Tradition tells of a single female freemason; but the noble rivalry of the sex which has climbed Monte Rosa, circumnavigated and circumambulated the world, and measured the heavens, has not yet penetrated into a London club.

If the excluded fair were but to know the dull reality of the life from which they are so jealously shut out, they would probably be disenchanted. Like other secrets, that of club-life is a desperately dull one. A week's experience of the prozing in the coffee-room, and the twaddle in the drawing-room—of the *ennui* before dinner, and the snoring in arm-chairs after it—of the *gobemoucherie* which passes for political, and the rapidity which does duty for literary talk, the very small jokes and the still smaller scandal, the disputes with the committee, and the arrogance of the committee—of all which ingredients club-life is for the most part composed—would convince the lady experimentalists that the privilege of the other sex is hardly worth envying, still less imitating. But this the ladies do not know, and when they form a club it must be on their own ideal. What they want to establish is what they think the men have—a home of selfishness and idleness, and neglect of domestic duties—a place for little indulgences—a trysting-place for gossip, and a house of call for letters which had better not be addressed to the Penates and Lares. If this is not what the institution in Langham-place is intended to be, we can assure its projectors that this is what society will soon assume it to be. What business, society will remark, have ladies with a reading-room and a luncheon-room? What is the reading in the morning-room of the Club which they cannot get at home? The *Englishwoman's Magazine* and the *Family Herald*, and the *Petit Courier des Dames* and the domestic manuals of Kitchener and Soyer are not so dear. Booth's establishment is not bankrupt. We have our doubts about that reading-room. And then the luncheon department. Is the *ménage* to be confined to ante-prandial repasts? Will not Lady Mary's celebrated "champagne and a chicken at last" be repeated? Is the early-closing movement to extend to Langham-place? In the opera season is the Club to be open till two o'clock, a.m.? And what of the *carte*? Is pale ale—is pale brandy—allowed? Is there a smoking-room? Is there a bagatelle-room? Is there a ball-room? How would "Purveyor of Liqueurs to the Ladies' Club" look in an advertisement? Will the wine-card distinguish between Tanqueray and Carbonell? *Parfait Amour* and *Liebfrauenmilch* will of course be favourites. But what of the establishment? Is it to be conformed to the arrangements of Tenyson's *Princess*? Is the porter to be a daughter of the plough? What of the committee, the stewardess, and the butleress? We observe that references are strictly required; but whose testimonials are to be accepted? The husband's or the parochial clergyman's? Or will the managing committee call for a certificate from the milliner that the last year's bills have been paid? What precautions are there for excluding adventurous Clodius from the mysteries of Bona Dea? We can quite understand that the ballot, which is so peculiarly congenial to the female mind and to that love of power and plot to which Almack's owes its patronesses, will be in full force. And shall we ever be blessed with a list of the members? One would like to know what the qualifications of membership are—the *ius trium liberorum*, for example, in the case of matrons, or a lively family of at least three volumes in the case of spinsters. Johnson knew there was such a quality of mankind as to be a clubbable man, but who shall venture upon guessing at the qualities of clubbable womankind?

If, as we should judge from the scanty revelations of the advertisement, all that is meant is a lounge for the unprotected female, in which she can daily meet her like-minded and strong-minded sisterhood to discuss the Divorce Court till half-past one, and then console the inner woman with sandwiches and sherry and the mutual confidences of the gynæceum till half-past six—and this is the simplest conception we can form of a Ladies' Reading-room and a Ladies' Luncheon-room—we can only hint to the ladies that this may be a mistake. For the

unmarried members, we can assure these independent spinsters that they are likely long to enjoy the liberty of this very free life; and as for the matrons, we suspect that society will be driven to revive the Skimmington for the husbands who suffer their wives to be *Clubbistes*. The fact is, that the thing, after all, is not so great an innovation as perhaps its projectors imagine. The Bath in the East is very much what the Langham-place ladies are thinking of. There, too, the ladies congregate, and spend their mornings, and eat sweetmeats—whether profitably to their character and domestic life is not for us to tell; and a wicked old poet describes a ladies' club at work centuries ago in Athens. We should not like to refer the committee-women of the ladies' reading-room to the study of the Ecclesiastes and the Lysistrata, for it is very naughty reading, though it does describe what came of the ladies imitating a masculine institution, and combining against the other sex. So we conclude with remarking that, as a mere matter of fact, we have heard of ladies' clubs before, and we do not intend to revive the institution here in England. English ladies have, by God's blessing, a certain character, and a very admirable one. They adorn life by very excellent domestic habits and ways—very sufficient attainments in all the arts and in all literature. Above all, they take care of their homes; and their homes and the reading-room and luncheon-room will not go on well together. A word to the wise will be enough; and very wise the ladies are, especially in what concerns their interests, which is one of the characteristics of wisdom. *Domum mansit, lanam fecit*—is, after all, not so bad an epitaph even for the British wife.

A RELIC OF THE GREAT WAR.

HISTORICAL association, ever powerful in this country, is one of the most important influences that contribute to exalt the character of the British navy, and to fit it in time of need to perform the noble part expected of it. The names which are given to British ships of war perpetuate the memory of exploits to which the captains and crews whose duty it now is to sail and fight them will strive to raise the level of their own services. As the soldier is every day reminded that he is a member of the very same regiment which fought under Marlborough and under Wellington, so the sailor who has entered on board of the *Nile* or the *Trafalgar* feels that he is heir to the valour and the glory which the comrades of Nelson inherited from Howe and Rodney.

To a mind which is familiar with the traditions of the British naval service, a slight incident or an obscure paragraph in a newspaper may suffice to awaken a vivid image of the excitement, the anxiety, and the exultation of former wars. Let us try for a few moments thus to carry back our minds to the year 1813. The war with France had then lasted, except during one short peace, or rather truce, for twenty years; and during all that time the reputation of the British navy had been rising, and the hopelessness of the contest which Napoleon maintained against it became year by year more manifest. It seemed that the dominion of the seas had been given to Great Britain as part of the same immutable orders of nature which bade the sun to shine by day and the moon by night. After many a gallant struggle the fleets of France had abandoned the unequal contest, and left the ocean almost to their enemy's undisputed sway. If ever arrogance and its attendant blindness and supineness could be pardoned in the rulers of any nation, the Government of this country in the year 1813 might be allowed to plead that, in a long career of dazzling triumphs, they had forgotten that a reverse was possible. But the war with the United States punished this presumptuous disregard of the means by which alone fortune can be commanded. A lesson was then taught which we will hope may ever be kept in mind. The warnings of that period will be useful to all time, and it is well upon occasion to repeat the caution which it suggests against that besetting sin of Boards of Admiralty—the tendency to rely upon past glories, and to close the official eye to the changes which are ever taking place in the conditions of maritime warfare. The vigilance of admirals and captains who really understand their business seldom slumbers. They are keenly alive to all that can affect their own professional reputation, but unless they can impress their convictions upon the Government which employs them their sagacity is of small avail.

We have been led into these reflections by observing that the famous old frigate *Shannon* has been broken up at Chatham dockyard, and thus another of the few remaining relics of the great naval war has disappeared. But another vessel has received and borne with honour that illustrious name, and as long as Britain has a navy, we do not doubt that a *Shannon* will be numbered among her ships; and let us hope that the courage and discipline of the original *Shannon's* crew will be ever present among those who man them. But the memory of the build and armament of a frigate of the last great war will in a few more years have to be sought by curious inquirers among books and pictures. The old *Shannon* had her battery of 18-pounders, and the American innovation of arming frigates with 24-pound guns seemed to our Admiralty so stupendous that much time elapsed and several defeats were suffered before the British authorities made up their minds to imitate it. Now we hear of nothing on board our large ships less than 32-pound guns, and guns of 68 pounds and 84 pounds, and even of larger size, form the usual armament. And in proportion to the increased weight of metal has been the addition to the ship's

size and to the stoutness of the timbers used in building her. The burthen of the old *Shannon* was 1066 tons; that of her successor in the title is 2651 tons. In durability of material, however, it would probably be impossible to improve upon the old *Shannon*, since much of the timber taken from her is stated to be still as good for the shipwright's purposes as upon the day when she received her name.

With all our admiration for the triumphs of modern progress in the mechanical and constructive arts, it is still pleasant to contemplate with the mind's eye the old-fashioned frigate, *Shannon*, standing close in to Boston Harbour on the morning of the 1st of June, 1813. There is known to be in the port only one American frigate ready for sea, and therefore Captain Broke has sent away his consort, the *Tenedos*, with orders not to rejoin him until the business upon which he is intent shall have been disposed of. He has sent an invitation to the Captain of the *Chesapeake* to come out of Boston harbour, and try, upon equal terms, the fortune of their respective flags; and he now sees that the challenge is accepted, and nothing can intervene to prevent a fair and even fight. As Captain Broke says, "she came down very handsomely" to close quarters. The Americans had now gained so much confidence that they did not stop to try all the long-drawn manoeuvres of distant fighting, to which, in previous actions, they had been much indebted for success. Several pleasure yachts, and a gun-boat carrying some distinguished officers, accompanied the *Chesapeake* to witness the expected triumph of their country's arms. A large white flag, inscribed "Sailor's Rights and Free-trade" was at her mast-head. She had lately returned from a four months' successful cruise, and after causing much damage and more alarm to British commerce, had contrived to elude the blockading force, and to slip into Boston Harbour without being brought to action. Her present captain had, when in command of another vessel, defeated and sunk a British ship, and he now expected to add another and more splendid victory to the uninterrupted catalogue of successes gained by his countrymen in this war. The action began shortly before six o'clock in the evening. The American captain was very soon killed. The precision of the *Shannon's* gunnery made itself felt in the two or three broadsides which were all she had need to fire. The *Chesapeake* fell on board her adversary, and Captain Broke, perceiving disorder on his opponent's decks, ordered the two ships to be made fast together, and called his boarders to take instant advantage of the opportunity. His veteran boatswain, who had fought in Rodney's action, had his arm hacked off while lashing the two ships together. Some of the *Shannon's* men who were in her fore-top passed along the yard-arm into the *Chesapeake's* main-top, and drove the American marksmen out of it, and descended after them upon her deck. After a sharp but short fight, the Americans fled down the hatchways, and some British deserters jumped overboard. In eleven minutes after the firing of the first gun, Captain Broke called his men to board, and in four minutes more resistance had ceased on board the *Chesapeake*.

This was how they did it in the old war. The *Shannon* was an ordinary ship, manned by what had been originally an average crew. But she had a captain whose sole soul was in his duty. For seven years he had watched and toiled, ever ready at a moment's warning for efficient action. Neglect of gunnery—of which Sir Howard Douglas has lately pointed out the disastrous consequences—prevailed at that time widely in the British navy; but on board the *Shannon* the artillery practice was as good as possible with the existing means. If every frigate in the service had been as highly disciplined as this one, the Admiralty might perhaps have been justified in the confidence which it founded upon past victories, and in its obstinate neglect of all the warnings it had received of the formidable character of the ships prepared by the United States for the impending conflict with this country. But we cannot expect to find in every officer a Captain Broke; and if we could, it would be most unfair and unwise to trust to their skill and valour to pull the naval service through difficulties which have no other origin than official obstinacy. It was said by a Minister of that day, in Parliament, that we could not throw the classification of the *Navy List* into confusion because the Americans had thought fit to build three or four heavy frigates. If the British frigates were not strong enough to do the work cut out for them by the enemy, this high authority bade them leave it to the line-of-battle ships—as if that enemy had not taken care to give his ships a speed which would enable him at pleasure either to force or to decline a combat. Such was the official reasoning by which, fifty years ago, troublesome innovators were encountered when they sought to break in upon the security of lethargic Boards. And even such is official reasoning too often seen to be in our own day. Hard and unchangeable as the oak timbers of the venerable *Shannon* are the minds which oppose themselves to the improvements which the age demands. We may change the build, and the motive power, and armament of our ships, but the nature of the authorities who direct them remains very much the same. It is ever to be feared that a series of humiliations like those of the American war may, from the same causes, suddenly overtake our navy; but we cannot always expect to find, exactly at the right time and place, a Captain Broke to retrieve disasters. May the *Shannon's* name be perpetuated in the British navy, and may the lessons which that name teaches be ever kept in mind, both at the Admiralty and on board ship.

GHOSTLY COUNSEL.

THE power of religion is never more conspicuous than when it deals with impracticable materials. What Mr. Smith of Woolston's steam-plough deserves especial commendation for, is that it subdues the most intractable of soils. But what that stiff Buckinghamshire clay is to the scientific agriculturist, surely a hardened lawyer's conscience must be to spiritual direction and advice. When the worldly man is converted, it is no small sanctity that he acquires. La Vallière was a pattern saint; and we have heard recently of Zouaves turning Trappists. Even the father and inventor of that moral discipline whose boast is that it reduces man to a *cadaver*, was himself a gay soldier; and the example of Ignatius Loyola submitting to and requiring religious counsel is followed by an Irish lawyer. Mr. M'Mahon, M.P., is the last and most conspicuous triumph of grace. His friend and patron, the English Attorney-General, in descanting on the excellences of Christianity, selected, as its prime recommendation to rising men, the fact that religion paid. Mr. M'Mahon, of the tender conscience, under the influence of a different aspect of the Gospel, entertains serious doubts whether preferment itself is not a snare. So, with a charitable sympathy for his friend the Archdeacon of Wexford's peace of mind and health of body—anxious lest his Christmas digestion of the good things of the world should be disturbed by suspicions of any carnal backslidings on his pupil's part—he proposes to put a case, not exactly of conscience, but of possible scandal, to his spiritual adviser. Mr. M'Mahon, being member for Wexford County, has lately received the appointment of Junior Counsel to the Woods and Forests. Mr. M'Mahon's conscience is certainly at ease as to his duty in accepting, and indeed in soliciting, this preferment, but he fears for the weaker brethren. He will not barter his good name for dirty pelf. He cannot endure even the suspicion that he has "bartered his country for the chance of a few briefs;" and so, though his conscience is serene as the noonday, he offers to relinquish his very moderate preferment if Archdeacon Fitzgerald thinks that he ought not to have accepted the distinguished post of Junior Counsel to the Woods and Forests.

Now a tender conscience is always not only an edifying but a curious spectacle to the student of morals. The thing itself, as such, is right: but so mixed and complicated are always the springs of human action that it is sometimes worth while to analyse the antecedents of moral difficulties and conscientious embarrassments. At first sight Mr. M'Mahon seems to offer to give up a solid advantage for the sake of a scruple. But then comes the question whether the sacrifice will not in the long run be adequately compensated by another and more substantial gain. The scrupulous man is always open to the imputation or suggestion that, after all, he has only a keen eye to his own interests. If, on striking the balance, the sacrifice of a present advantage leads to the acquisition of a more solid gain, the scruple itself was only a refined form of selfishness. What Mr. M'Mahon professes himself to be willing to relinquish is a few briefs. What he gains by this sacrifice is the confidence of his friend the Archdeacon, immense popularity in Wexford, a strong hold on his seat for ever, and a name among his co-religionists which is little short of the glories of confessorship. Taking the thing as a mere debtor and creditor account, Mr. M'Mahon, having to rise in the world, is unquestionably a gainer by his immediate loss. And he takes care to say that the pottage for which he will not sell his birthright is a very poor broth after all. It is only "for the chance of a few briefs" that he is so sensitively alive to the pleadings of conscience. The inference is that, had the preferment been greater, the question of casuistry might not have arisen. The Archdeacon's resolution of the difficulty seems to go upon this view:—"The briefs, after all," says the ghostly father, "must be, to one in your long practice, matter of little importance." We are driven to the irresistible conclusion that the duty of resisting a bribe is contingent in obligation on the smallness of the bribe. "You can afford," the Archdeacon seems to say, "to spurn with indignation this sort of thing; a matter of little importance is one on which you can reasonably permit yourself to give full swing to your scruples; therefore, under the circumstances, I counsel you to take the high Stoic line."

Are we hard upon Mr. M'Mahon? Is it unfair to charge him with this subtle and long-sighted calculation of remote and prospective chances of present gain in his case of conscience? Perhaps our experience of doubtful and fluctuating minds, and of souls agitated by the cross currents of conflicting duties, may not be so great as that of Archdeacon Fitzgerald; but we own to some doubts about religious scruples when they find their way into the newspapers. A really sensitive mind rather shrinks from this rude exposure to the world's gaze. We seldom invite all the world of newspaper readers to the solemn wrestling with one's inmost self. Harassed and weary with the work of weighing motives, and defending tendencies, and tracking self through all the mazes of doubt—stripping the pure angel of duty of all the veils and disguises of interest—we may not unreasonably seek counsel in our moral difficulties from the wise and experienced; but for a penitent and confessor to send these secret heart-searchings to the county newspapers with an eye to the county election, interferes with the religious aspect of this spiritual intercourse.

We have another difficulty about the case which detracts from its heroic proportions. Mr. M'Mahon professes himself to be

perfectly at ease about the transaction—his conscience is not really disturbed. It is not how he stands in his own eyes or in the eyes of God, but what Mrs. Grundy will say, which drives him to the confessor's chair. The *Ductor Dubitantium*, too, bases his advice, not upon the abstract moral character of the case submitted to him, not upon the opinion of all good men, but upon the popular and vulgar estimate of it. The Archdeacon himself has no doubts; "the men of Wexford will have no doubts, neither will honest Tom O'Shane, nor Aylward, nor Cahill, nor"—most consolatory of vouchers—"will George Henry Moore." With these magnificent witnesses to his integrity, we should have thought that the Archdeacon and the M.P. ought to have decided, both upon religious and moral grounds, that when an honourable man is fortified by his own conscience and the approval of the honourable of the earth, he might well defy the construction put upon his conduct by the "ten thousands." A heathen man and a publican could defy the hootings of the hundred-headed monster, calmly assured by his own inward approval and the applause of the good. We regret to find, on the high assurance of the Romanist dignity, that Christian morality takes a lower tone, and places duty upon the platform of a more miserable expediency.

The Archdeacon goes on to ground his decision in favour of expediency on the Apostolic precept, and he quotes St. Paul's resolution of the case of meat offered to idols. But, with all respect to the Archdeacon's Scriptural reference, we apprehend that this case does not fall under the Apostolic rule. The rule of action in which Christian liberty is to be foregone in respect to the weak brother's scruple is not meant by St. Paul to be of universal incidence. If it were it would come to this—that no man is to do anything which anybody can, upon any grounds, misconstrue and found an objection upon. In other words, not every man's objection to your conduct is a legitimate scruple of a weak brother. There is probably no indifferent action in the world open to moral choice which some fool might not object to, and profess himself to be scandalized at. If St. Paul meant this, which unquestionably he did not, the general freedom and action of moral choice would be impossible. The doubters, whose scruples St. Paul professed himself to be willing to respect were religious persons; their scruples were religious; their doubts were sincere. Will the Archdeacon go the length of asserting that those who were ready to find fault with Mr. M'Mahon did it on religious grounds, or that the case of eating meat offered in heathen sacrifices has anything whatever to do with the case of taking briefs from the Woods and Forests? Apply this principle to another case. There are many scrupulous people who think that the profession of what they call a hired advocate, in which the chances are exactly equal that the barrister may be called upon to defend wrong against right, is altogether unchristian and immoral. Any and every lawyer is a stumbling-block to weak brethren of this sort. If the Archdeacon's moral resolution is good for anything, as soon as ever it is made known to the tender-souled Mr. M'Mahon that he in this way, by the mere fact of his profession, makes the weaker brethren to offend, he is bound to shut up his chambers in the Temple, and refuse not only the enticing Government briefs, but every brief henceforth and for ever. There are few tests more absurd than this about the scruples of weak brethren; and Archdeacon Fitzgerald does not sin in his misapplication of St. Paul more than Dean Close.

We wonder, too, that the refining and analysing mind of Mr. M'Mahon was not a little shocked and startled at a previous stage of the affair, where we own that a grain or two of doubt as to the abstract purity of the preferment would not have been so much out of place. He gets the preferment—so he describes the transaction—not because he deserved it, not because he had done anything to found a claim upon, not as a reward or even as a compliment to himself, not as a tribute to any principle, personal, political, or patriotic, but as "a compliment" to a third party, who had been useful to the Attorney-General in certain electioneering matters. Mr. M'Mahon has no scruples whatever about taking a bit of patronage which had been tossed down to a hungry claimant in exchange for services which it was not convenient to specify. Neither his honour nor his religion was insulted by wearing second-hand clothes. If he is really so delicate about favours, we must say he has swallowed a very doubtful morsel with singular powers of moral deglutition. As he represents the case, Sir Richard Bethell has disposed of the Crown patronage on very questionable grounds. The office of Junior Counsel to the Woods and Forests was, as he says, the price paid for an electioneering arrangement at Wolverhampton. We can only wonder that this beam did not trouble Mr. M'Mahon's moral eye at least as much as that gnat—What would they say at Wexford?

REVIEWS.

REMINISCENCES OF RUFUS CHOATE.*

THERE is probably no function in which national character is displayed so strikingly as the administration of justice. In almost every other pursuit, men attempt, with more or less success, to act up to some theoretical, or possibly to some conven-

tional, standard. Legislators and soldiers not only form special classes, and act collectively and not individually, but they are always to some extent actors, quite as anxious for the good opinion which others will form of their exertions as for the particular results towards which their efforts are directed. In litigation, on the other hand, all the persons concerned—advocates, witnesses, and parties—are personally and immediately interested in the result to be produced; and they can only hope to produce it by direct appeals to the considerations which really weigh with those who are entrusted with the power of decision. Besides this, there is no class of persons and no sort of transaction which does not, at some time or other, come into a court of justice; nor is there any sort of business which exercises a more powerful attraction over the sympathy and curiosity of mankind.

Judged by this standard, it must be admitted that the American national character has several most glaring and important defects. We have more than once had occasion to draw this inference from particular trials which have attracted general attention. Such cases as those of the forger Huntington, or that of Sickles for the murder of Key, seemed to us not only to warrant but to call for the strongest observations on the subject which it was in our power to make; but it was impossible not to hope that, such cases being in the nature of *causes célèbres*, they were not fair specimens of average American justice. The peculiar circumstances under which they were tried, and the great amount of popular sympathy and attention which they excited, put them in a class by themselves, and accounted in some measure for the monstrous display of every sort of disgraceful conduct on the part of the advocates, witnesses, and juries, but especially on the part of the advocates, by which they were characterized. A book lately published, called *Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, the great American Advocate*, goes a long way to dispel this pleasant and charitable hope. Mr. Choate, who died a few months ago at the age of sixty, was for many years one of the most distinguished advocates in Boston, the most civilized and intellectual city of the Union. He was engaged in every sort of business, civil and criminal, and of every degree of importance—from cases involving the life and fortune of his clients down to the pettiest matters disposed of in a country police court. He therefore, if any one, is entitled to be taken as a fair specimen of the highest class of American lawyers; and it is hardly conceivable that the means by which he obtained great practice, and, if we are to believe his biographer, the highest possible reputation, should not have been acceptable, on the whole, to the community in which he lived. The general result of this, we regret to say, is that it would appear that the trials to which we have referred are to be taken as fair specimens of the American administration of justice, and that the tendencies which they display are strong enough to flourish in the most cultivated city of the Union, and to coexist with what is looked upon in America as a very high level of general knowledge and refinement. The author of the *Reminiscences* was formerly a pupil of Mr. Choate's, and apparently continued through the later part of his life to live on terms of intimacy with him. He stood towards him exactly in the relation of a Boswell, and is never tired of describing his general ability and accomplishments in the most glowing language. "He was," he says, "an able lawyer, a shining statesman, an all-accomplished man of letters;" and he constantly insists on his profound and extensive classical knowledge. He quotes, amongst other matters, the following passage from some contemporary authority of whose sentiments he strongly approves:—"We doubt even whether Erskine himself, justly renowned as he was, ever possessed the eloquence of Choate, or the same command over juries. We have not the least doubt, however the remark may shock those who are imbued with too blind and ignorant a reverence for antiquity, that if Demosthenes had had Choate, in the place of Æschines, for his competitor in the great oration for the Crown, he would have been beaten." Mr. Choate's career is worth attention under these circumstances, inasmuch as it affords a singular illustration of what the Americans really like, and suppose to be characteristic of a great man.

To any one accustomed to the manners and customs of the English Courts of Law, Mr. Choate's legal career suggests the question how any one who had the smallest allowance of self-respect should have been guilty of the sort of manifestations by which he obtained his biographer's enthusiastic applause. His manner, according to his pupil's description, must have resembled nothing but a ranting actor gone mad. "He employed two extraordinary instruments of gesture—his nose and his heels." As he closed an intense and long burst of passionate periods, he would straighten up before the jury, his head would go back and erect itself like the crest of a serpent, and then he would draw in the whole volume of his breath through his large nose, with a noise heard all over the court-room." This noise—which must have been unpleasantly like snoring—was, Mr. Parker assures us, "most emphatic." His heels came into play in a similar manner, as he had a way, when he wished to double and redouble the force of his expression, of "coming down on his heels with a muscular rigidity which absolutely would shake the whole court-room." This, however, was not all. "Choate had a queer way of shaking himself up, as it were, in the progress of a speech. If he found himself lagging in ardour, he would give two or three tremendous emphases, accompanying them with a convulsive jerk of his whole body, which would seem to shake every bone in him in its socket and every rag of clothing on him out of its place." "Indeed, he

* *Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, the Great American Advocate*. By E. G. Parker. New York: Mason. 1860.

occasionally succeeded in producing startling effects by this method, for in one of his most fervid and interesting efforts . . . he literally split his coat in two in the back, from collar to waist-band." Sometimes, the consequences were rather awkward, for on one occasion he spoke in Faneuil Hall "with such tremendous physical movement and energy that he thought he suffered an internal injury; and after that," Mr. Parker quietly observes, "he was quite careful to regulate his more frantic gesticulations." After this time, however, his intellect underwent an unfortunate change; for his pupil tells us that he subsequently got into a way of finishing one subject before he went to another, whereas he used to have the singular faculty of carrying on "any number of lines of thinking and talking at the same time." The manner of Mr. Choate's speeches was, however, only appropriate to the matter. Mr. Parker gives a profusion of specimens of his productions, both legal and literary; and when they are not fustian, they are the sort of performances which might be expected of a Newgate advocate, extremely anxious to work upon the understandings of persons for whom he had a most unmerited contempt. Let any one imagine an English barrister addressing a Railway Committee in such language as this (the italics are Mr. Parker's):—"Sparing us all these, the double track, together with such details as I shall show you, will probably, will *probably*, WILL PROBABLY (and that is enough for the human lawyer), will, to a moral certainty, *probably* exhaust every exigency that shall come before you." A man must have a very low opinion of his audience who supposes that their minds will be influenced by being told the same thing four times over, and the last time in contradictory words. Mr. Choate, we are told, was particularly fond of patent cases, and certainly there is hardly any sort of business which gives so much scope to the ability of a really able advocate, as there is none which requires such wide and various knowledge. But Mr. Parker's accounts of his patent-case arguments show nothing except a sort of bombast which is perfectly inconceivable upon such subjects in this country. "In this argument he ventured on a singular gesture, doubling his fist and shaking his arm perpendicularly above and around his head." One of his arguments, which Mr. Parker seems to think particularly brilliant, was in these words:—"Better that the court-house be passed over by the ploughshare than that law be administered on such principles." "Heaven and earth shall pass away before this grand rule of understanding man shall vitiate." "Such are our canons of evidence, that the party shall look upon the witness to see his manner, whether the law be administered by priest or chancellor, in a court-house or beneath an old English oak." "Try this with fairness; try it with the bandage over the eyes. Bury the hatchet. Honour bright." In another patent case, about a thread-machine, Mr. Choate seems to have delivered an oration which reads exactly like the harangue of a cheap Jack at a country fair. The following is a specimen of it:—"In cutlery, needles, pins, cigars, drugs, imitations have been made which bring the great and grand originals into public notoriety." "The manner and taste, the aesthetics, have been a studied branch, and engravers have kept them on hand for sale. They do it with alacrity," &c., &c. "The policy of England comes into our midst with its lion face, and says, 'Nothing is good but English;' and it has been the notion ground into our minds, the light of civilization gleaming with its highest luster [*sic*] cannot do away with this idle foolish prejudice."

After reading through the whole of Mr. Parker's report of this remarkable argument, which occupies four or five pages of such matter as the above, we are totally unable to form the least notion of its purport—except, indeed, that it appears, in some remote and unconnected way, to hint at the doctrine that a man who imports an invention from a foreign country may be considered as the inventor. Indeed, the sort of evidence on which Mr. Parker asks his readers to believe in his hero's greatness is perfectly ludicrous. Mr. Choate, he tells us, was a wonderful lawyer. "All his law seemed to be at his instant and exact command;" and he gives two instances of it. One is, that he once said off-hand that a servant could not sue his master for injuries sustained in his service through the negligence of a fellow-servant; and the other is, that he gave an opinion without book, that if a man put his hand into another person's pocket, it was not incumbent on the prosecutor to prove that there was something in the pocket in order to show an intent to steal. An attorney who was ignorant of the first of these propositions would be unfit for his profession, and we should hope that there is hardly a Court of Quarter Sessions in England which would ever discuss the other.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in Mr. Choate's legal career was his practical application of the theory of an advocate's professional duty. It is a common opinion that lawyers have no standard of truth. They have, in fact, in this country at least, an exceedingly strict one. The English theory is that an advocate both may argue and ought to argue to the utmost of his ability in favour of his client, however wrong or however guilty he may be—that he ought to take every advantage which the law gives him, and put upon the facts any and every construction favourable to his case which they will bear. But it also inflexibly requires that the advocate should never mis-state a matter of fact—that he should never give to the judge or the jury a garbled version of the evidence of any witness, or of the effect of any paper—that he should never state any material fact on his own authority, and so confound the functions of an advocate and a

witness—and that he should never make wanton attacks upon character. The distinction may appear refined in theory, but in practice it is so plain that the difference between an honest and a dishonest advocate is as clear to every one who understands the subject as the difference between an honest and a dishonest trader. In this country, Mr. Choate would have been considered dishonest and unscrupulous in the extreme. His biographer gives, with cordial admiration and glee, stories of his tricks which any reputable English barrister would consider insulting in the extreme. "His acting during the argument was consummate. He would state law, and stretch law, to the jury to the utmost limit to which the court would suffer him to go. If at last interrupted by the judge, he would turn round, still talking in a sort of moderate undertone, which rendered the judge's tone inaudible to everybody but him." After which he would state to the jury something like what the judge meant, and then, "turning with a gratified look to the jury, he would say, 'I have the honour to be in entire accordance with the court.'" Another instance of his "beautiful acting" was his practice of what we should call in England mis-stating evidence. "Against the view of the successive propositions which he presented, he always asserted that there was not 'the shadow of a shade of testimony.' He would repeat often, and with vehement positiveness, such expressions as 'There is not a scrap of evidence which negatives this; no, gentlemen, not a scintilla of evidence.' 'Scrap' and 'scintilla' were famous words of his." The most wonderful illustration, however, of Mr. Choate's view of the obligation of truth in an advocate is to be found in a story which his admiring biographer relates to the following effect:—In a divorce case, one of the principal witnesses was obliged to admit, on cross-examination, that she had had an illegitimate child. "This fact confessed of the maiden mother," as Mr. Parker poetically observes, of course materially injured her credit. But Mr. Choate was equal to the occasion. Having "solemnly asserted that there was not a shadow of a shade of doubt or suspicion on that evidence, or on her character," he added the following remarkable statement—for which, except his own word, there was no evidence whatever:—"What though, in an unguarded moment, she may have trusted too far to the young man to whom she had pledged her untried affections—to whom she was to be wedded on the next Lord's day, and who was suddenly struck dead at her feet by a stroke of lightning out of the heavens!" It appears that Mr. Choate had evolved this "novel and extraordinary explanation," like the German's camel, out of his own moral consciousness. But, says his biographer, "As a lawyer he had a right to suppose any explanation of the damaging fact which would account for it consistently with innocence, and this was his hypothesis." Once in an English court a singularly audacious barrister said to a jury, "And now, gentlemen, I drop the advocate and assume the man"—and then proceeded to state facts somewhat on Mr. Choate's principle. The presiding judge observed that, when the learned gentleman dropped the advocate and assumed the man, the facts which he stated in the second character were as false as the law which he laid down in the other was absurd. It would be well for American justice if Mr. Choate had met with equally rigorous judges.

It is not merely as an advocate that Mr. Choate figures in this volume. His private and especially his literary character is largely dilated on. This part of the book, like the rest of it, is disfigured by that tawdry brag which so deeply infects a large proportion of American works. Mr. Parker is determined to make out that Mr. Choate was a wonderful man, and he makes mountains out of molehills for the purpose of proving it in the most astonishing way. There is in every line of the book the true country-town anxiety to make out that there never was such a man as the Boston lawyer, and never will be again. One element of picturesqueness, if not of greatness, is physical strength. Accordingly, it is to be shown that Mr. Choate was exceedingly strong. The evidence of this is, that "he told me himself that he could work on in Court day after day for weeks, *if he could only have his evenings free to rest.*" What man in moderately good health could not? We learn from other parts of the book that he usually went to bed at ten, and got up at six, thus securing eight hours' sleep—according to George III. a fool's allowance; that he worked for an hour before breakfast, got a short walk, and passed the day in business; after which he went home and rested. How many thousands of Englishmen do a harder day's work every day of the year without either getting or claiming the least credit for it! No man would reach the head of his profession at the English bar who could not work at least twelve hours a-day as a habit, and far more at a pinch. An English barrister in large practice would look upon Mr. Choate's day as a very easy one indeed.

One great point in Mr. Choate's life is his immense classical knowledge. Probably he did read more or less Greek and Latin, though the accuracy with which he read seems rather ambiguous. In a marine insurance case the opposite counsel pronounced the name of the ship *Neptūnus*. "Choate got right up," and seeking his friend and biographer in the back of the court, asked whether it was not "*Neptūnus*." Mr. Parker said he thought not. "There," said he, rubbing his head, and thinking a moment, "I'm against you. It's short." Mr. Parker calls this "airing his classics." Certainly they must have been getting rather musty. In the next page, he says that Virgil was one of four great masters of style in the world's history—

Plato, "who added little to the world's thought," being another. What would Virgil have said to "sensit Neptūnus ab imis?"

It is, however, just to Mr. Choate to say that he really does seem to have been fond of books, and to have had considerable knowledge of them—though Mr. Parker writes as if such a taste were almost unknown amongst the members of his profession, and though the remarks which he quotes are commonplace in the extreme. Mr. Parker gives a "very interesting" conversation between Mr. Choate, a Mr. Hillard, and himself. The following is a fair specimen of it:—Mr. Parker said he had heard an opinion that Cicero was not popular with the masses, and that supreme excellence never was. Choate said he was popular—very. "Mr. Hillard said he thought Demosthenes was somewhat of a humbug. No such thing," said Choate. Why, said Mr. Hillard, the speech for the Crown "[*nepi*] is not exactly equivalent to 'for'"] "is not the greatest thing on earth—Webster's Hayne speech was as great. No," said Choate, *the Gothic language*" (sic) "could not make such a speech as the oration for the Crown. It hasn't got words to make it out of, in the first place." The last sentence has just a little value, but all the rest of the conversation is the merest twaddle. Indeed, this applies to nine-tenths of Mr. Parker's reminiscences, so that we may charitably hope that Mr. Choate really had a good deal in him, but that Mr. Parker does not know how to bring it out. His book is a very complete illustration of the strange effect which follows from the fundamental assumption that the subject of a biography must be a great man, and that all his sayings and doings must be remarkable.

We may remark, in conclusion, that, like all Americans, Mr. Parker spells in a way which strikes an Englishman as peculiar. He almost always uses *er* where we write *re*. Thus, *theater*, *meager*, *fiber*, and similar words, continually occur. He also substitutes *l* for *ll*, as *traveler*, *unequaled*; and sometimes *ll* for *l*, as *skillfully*, *fullness*. These are differences of habit which are worth noticing as slight indications of possible future modifications of the language, but *coruscation* and *maneuvering* are distinctly wrong.

AGAINST WIND AND TIDE.*

MR. THACKERAY has lately drawn a sketch of a 'lazy, idle boy,' whom he saw absorbed in the perusal of a novel, and has used the boy's ardour in his pursuit as an illustration of the interest which persons of all ages and ranks take in works of fiction. He allows us to choose which work of our favourite author we like to suppose was fascinating this happy youth, and asks whether we cannot remember when we were equally absorbed in the *Waverley Novels*, or *Monte Christo*, or the earlier works of Mr. Dickens. He may safely appeal to his readers. Few persons will purchase the wonderfully cheap and good shillingworth he has offered the public who have not a strong taste for fiction. But then, in all the fictions we can immediately call to mind as having most interested us, there has always been an exciting story or a skilful delineation of general manners or individual character. It is easy to account for our interest where there are such stimulants to awaken it. But there are some works of fiction which seem to have no qualifications for exciting interest, and which are nevertheless readable, and impress on the mind a sense of their excellence. *Against Wind and Tide* is one of these. Perhaps a lazy, idle boy would find it impossible to get through it, but the adult novel-reader can get through it without admiration or emotion, and yet not without a sort of pleasure. Why does it please us? The subject is a disagreeable one. Two illegitimate sons of a wealthy father run opposite careers. The elder refuses to be beholden to his father, occupies the position of a respectable tradesman, and marries a quiet and suitable young woman. The younger is introduced by his father into fashionable life, is made to feel keenly the stain on his name, goes through a few love affairs, quarrels with his father, gets on the loose, and finally marries a girl who is slavishly attached to him. The struggles and trials of illegitimate children are realities, but they are realities which are painful without being terrible, and are therefore bad subjects for fiction. The characters of the two brothers are not improbable, but there is nothing in them to attract or repel us. The minor characters are still more uninteresting. We should not care at any one point of the story if the whole set of persons brought before us were buried in the Red Sea. The dialogue is neither good nor bad—the writing is neither eloquent nor brilliant. Why, then, is the novel entitled to be considered a very fair novel as novels go? The answer to this question, if we could arrive at it, would throw considerable light on the construction of fiction.

The most striking feature in the book is the nicety and justness of observation which it displays; and it is this which is probably the primary foundation of such excellence as it possesses. There is no deep insight into extraordinary types of character, but there is a clear insight into many ordinary types. The authoress has noted the peculiarities and analysed the composition of several obvious and common classes of persons. She has a very narrow sphere; she is never comic, never touching, never great; but she knows what would be the probable line of thought

and action pursued by several common characters in everyday life. She draws a young wife, and an honest tradesman, and a wilful, wayward, romantic youth, so that the representation strikes us as plausible. Within her range, too, she has a certain variety. She has hit off the separate peculiarities of the tender, the coquetish, and the impulsive young lady. But she goes so short a way in the delineation of any character, that it is her justice, much more than her acuteness of observation, that impresses us. What we mean by this is best described by contrasting her with other writers of the same sort of fiction. She has no tinge of partisan affection for any religious persuasion. Her good people are religious, but indulge in nothing like controversy or discussion. She does not exaggerate, or try to get up a fictitious interest by an overwrought description of any social vice. She does not bring into prominence the pursuit of wealth, or the love of rank, or the ways and manners of vulgar or illiterate persons. She keeps all her characters in the sort of relation and subordination to each other which persons like them would hold in real life. She also avoids making her good people too good, and her bad people too villainous. The mixed character of human action and the moderate level of human perfection are well represented in her book. She strikes us as being able to survey the little world which it is her business to describe without importing into it the reflection of private partialities or antipathies. In the long run, all this tells. We cannot help placing a certain agreeable confidence in a writer who seems to have neither the power nor the wish to abuse our trust; and as each incident and phase in the development of character is probable without being obvious, we gently slide along, contented with the writer and her story, until we get to the end of the third volume. In some families, where over-excitement of the youthful mind is carefully avoided, it is the custom to read aloud one chapter of a tale every successive evening. It would be difficult to find any book better suited than *Against Wind and Tide* to be read in this way. No one would go to bed with a painful feeling of indignation at the story being interrupted.

The authoress also knows her business. She can tell a story, and contrives to get over her ground at an even and sure pace. There is no approach to the obtrusive art with which Mr. Collins forces his art on the reader, and we are not perpetually reminded by the strong smell of the lamp how great is the labour which has been expended for our benefit. But the story is well managed. About the right length is given to each part. There are no episodes, and there is no point at which the interest absolutely ceases. Her remarkable impartiality, and her freedom from pet thoughts, notions, and subjects, prevent the authoress from being tempted to bring in neck and crop the irrelevant descriptions, the vague reflections, and the eager denunciations of opponents, that are so often found in novels written by women. She has also a certain truth of colouring which is pleasant in its way. She can make us feel all that is most peculiar and typical in the house of an opulent tradesman in the quiet of a cathedral close, and in the trim residence of a stately old lady. She has a happy knack of describing furniture without giving an upholsterer's catalogue, and makes things and people appropriate to each other. These may seem small merits, but they conduce to a general result. They tend to make us go on reading. *Against Wind and Tide* is one of those books which, if it ever presented any very obvious and repulsive fault, we should fling aside; but the authoress is always just sufficiently on her guard, and we never get to any particular page at which we can make up our mind to give the story up altogether. All novels may be divided into the trashy and the readable; and *Against Wind and Tide* falls under the latter head. After examining it, and comparing it with other stories of the same kind, we shall not arrive at the conclusion that a work of fiction possessing the excellences which this story possesses must be good; but we can scarcely fail to recognise that it suggests a criterion by which we may decide whether a novel will be readable. It is difficult to suppose that any tale could show clearness of observation, justness of thought, and a power of managing materials, and yet be unreadable trash. Any lady, if she possesses these qualifications for novel-writing, is quite justified in writing as many novels as the public will buy.

ROMAN LONDON.*

MR. ROACH SMITH does not come forward as an author, with views and theories and generalizations of history or antiquities to lay before us. He is rather a collector and cataloguer—one who registers the facts of archaeology, and stores them up in a museum, to which he admits the public as visitors more than as critics. The careful and laborious compilation before us, illustrated with the best appliances of art and at very considerable expense, has been enabled to see the light by subscription; for Mr. Roach Smith has learnt by painful experience how limited is the interest in the subject it refers to, and how little chance there would be of adequate remuneration for the mere costs of publication by the ordinary method of sale. The work, accordingly, is printed for subscribers, but not published. It is only by the courtesy of the proprietor that we are allowed to enter his museum of antiquities, and impart to the outside public some

* *Against Wind and Tide*. By Holme Lee. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

* *Illustrations of Roman London*. By Charles Roach Smith. London (not published). 1859.

of the pleasure and satisfaction we have derived from the inspection.

Mr. Roach Smith has been honourably known, at least among antiquarians, for many years, as the most able and indefatigable of our pioneers in the science of Romano-British Archaeology. There may not have been wanting among us men who have attained a reputation for the intelligent study of this branch of learning; and partly by sober inquiry—still more, perhaps, by clever conjecture—the limits of our knowledge concerning the first conquerors of our island seem to have been greatly extended in these latter days. Every year, in fact, teems with new guesses and fresh combinations of ascertained facts in the pages of our reviews and magazines, and still more in the periodical volumes of our archaeological societies. But, compared with the steady, laborious, and definite investigations of Mr. Roach Smith, which have been made public from time to time in the successive volumes of his *Collectanea Romana*, and in his monograph accounts of special antiquities, these loose collections of facts and looser speculations upon them have been mere child's play. The fact is, that Mr. Roach Smith, with the aid of his subscribers and admirers, is a society in himself, and so far has the advantage over all our other kindred societies, that he has the head to direct as well as the hand to execute. This has been called the age of societies; but it is well to understand (and Mr. Roach Smith's eminent example may help us to understand it), that the sphere of societies is but limited. They are useful to some extent in the mere collection of facts, and in the scope they give for speculations, the general barrenness of which may be occasionally redeemed by a happy imagination. They are more useful from the common interest and intelligence they disseminate in regard to subjects generally abstruse and repulsive. But they will never produce a great work or a great result of any kind; and cumbering with an endless array of volumes the shelves even of the amplest libraries—full of fancies, crudities, and errors—unindexed, undigested, unabridged—they will become in the course of time a serious impediment rather than a help to the conscientious investigation of truth. But, on the other hand, the works which will serve from age to age as landmarks of our progress in any particular science will be those of genial but solitary students—men who have been content to devote themselves to their calling, and have gone forth in the prosecution of it with a faith and earnestness all their own. Such landmarks in the science of our Roman antiquities will be the *Collectanea* of Mr. Roach Smith—his "Illustrations," already well known, of Richborough, Reculver, and Lyme—and now his "Illustrations of Roman London," containing as they do, besides their especial examination of local remains, a mine of observations on the general subject almost sufficient in itself to equip a historian of the Romans in Britain.

Vast as has been the treasures of Roman antiquity in this country which have been neglected, dispersed, and annihilated by the ignorance and incuriousness of the public generally; and even of constituted authorities—and nowhere more so than in London itself—there can be no doubt that stores of incalculable amount still lie buried beneath the soil or beneath the foundations of existing buildings, destined, for the most part, to reappear under favourable conjunctures, for the due preservation of which such a work as that before us will, we trust, successfully plead with future generations. Mr. Roach Smith throws a veil over the painful and disgraceful story of civic Vandalism which has impeded the progress of discovery, or allowed its results to be dissipated. After many years' experience of the difficulties which attend the scientific explorer under the eyes of our gross-witted officials, he declines to enter into a detailed and specific exposure of the injury they have inflicted on archaeology, and it is only once or twice that a half-suppressed sarcasm escapes his lips. We trust that better days are coming; and we will, for our part, only repeat his pregnant remark, that in this day, while almost every country town boasts its museum enriched by specimens of Roman civilization, the city of London possesses no public receptacle for its remains of antiquity; and it was only recently, and with no good grace, and in no liberal spirit, that even the British Museum, which is national and not local, made a purchase of Mr. Roach Smith's private collection, a large portion of which had been acquired by his personal investigations in this locality.

It is true, indeed, that London has hitherto yielded up very slender traces of the manners and institutions of our Roman ancestors, nor can we expect perhaps to reap from it any great harvest of our earliest antiquities. The site of Roman London has been densely built on and inhabited, without interruption, from the first century of our era to the present time. Modern Rome has shifted its place, as is well known, from the centre of the ancient city to what was the Constitution Hill of the Augustan age, and left the Forum and the Palatine to the free use of the spade and shovel, had but the Government more energy to wield them. But our Roman London has been buried beneath the foundations of the modern city, or rather beneath the ruins of a city several times destroyed and as often rebuilt, and it is only at rare intervals that the excavators of drains and other subterranean works strike down upon the venerable remains of the earliest occupation. Yet within the memory of man, as Mr. Roach Smith informs us, huge masses of genuine Roman fortifications, with trees growing upon them, were to be seen at London Wall, opposite to what is now Finsbury Circus; and some fragments of the kind may still be traced, though they have

not been seen, perhaps, by a dozen inhabitants of our city beyond the people in whose yards or cellars they stand, in certain spots, mostly between Cripplegate and the Tower. Perhaps the most interesting of the drawings here given is that of a portion of one of these fragments which formed part of the city wall at Tower Hill. Mr. Roach Smith has had the merit of saving it for the present, but we cannot expect that such good fortune will continue to attend it, and to the next generation it will probably only exist in the record here preserved from a drawing of Mr. Fairholt.

Londinium, as we know, was a place of commercial activity before the Roman Conquest. It was the principal mart of exchange between Britain and the Continent, and received for the corn, the cattle, the minerals, the slaves, and the dogs of native production every article of southern luxury for which a market was to be found among our rude ancestors—not so rude, however, as Caesar found it convenient to paint them—and some, also, of necessity, such as pottery, and even the excellent millstones of Andernach on the Rhine. The site of London was, no doubt, peculiarly advantageous for commerce. It was the only great maritime port on a tidal river known to the Romans; and while it was supplied by a very fertile tract of country behind it, its position on a gentle declivity, with dense forests in the rear, and a broad expanse of swamp before it, rendered it from the first a place of considerable strength. The Romans seem, however, to have overlooked these advantages, unless we may ascribe to them a wise and liberal policy in leaving this rising city to develop itself freely, without the restrictions imposed upon a military colony. London probably remained British, or rather Cosmopolitan, while such places as Colchester, Chester, and Caerleon, the stations of legions and seats of government, became merely bastard Italian. There may, indeed, be other reasons to account for the paucity of early Roman antiquities here discovered; nevertheless, it may be conjectured that, at least in early Roman works, London never was rich in comparison with cities of the class we have contrasted with it. We may believe that the dwellings of the inhabitants partook more of the character of the frail native tenements than of the massive masonry which predominated even within the walls of Uriconium or Bremenium, and that it was long defended by a stockade for its only fortification. The walls of which some fragments, as we have said, have been traced even recently, are commonly ascribed to Constantine, if not to Theodosius; but indeed the Roman fortifications on our south-eastern coast seem generally to belong to the third or fourth century, and to mark the era when it became necessary to secure the island from the attacks of the Saxon marauders. While the antiquarians of natural science are trying to throw back the origin of existing remains into the night of countless ages, it would seem that we are learning rather to contract our views of the antiquity of historic monuments. It is admitted that very little of the Roman remains at Rome itself dates beyond the second century of our era. The great works in the north of Italy and the south of France are probably later still; while it may be doubted whether anything Roman, beyond a few inscribed stones and earthworks of the time of Hadrian and the Antonines, exists in Britain earlier than the third. An exception, indeed, must be made for what is perhaps the greatest antiquity of the kind we possess—the little statuette bust of Caligula, found recently at Colchester—which none but a contemporary, we should think, would have taken the trouble to carry with him from Italy, and which we can readily believe formed a part of the baggage of Plautius or Bolanus, if it was not a domestic idol of Claudius himself.

Accordingly, the utter destruction of the buildings of Roman London, and the loss of all documents and notices regarding them, is not a matter to be seriously deplored. We are absolutely without a vestige of any one public or private edifice. Even the traces from which Sir Christopher Wren deduced the pleasing notion that St. Paul's stands upon the site of the temple of a "Great Diana of the Londinians" are shown by Mr. Roach Smith to be wholly inconclusive. We must rely entirely on our imagination for the reconstruction of our provincial capital (for such, in the later period of the Roman occupation, London did undoubtedly become), with its four principal streets branching off from the top of Fish-street-hill, in the direction of Eastcheap, Gracechurch-street, the Tower, and Old London Bridge respectively, and bounded by Walbrook, Cornhill, Tower-hill, and Thames-street. There is no doubt that the Romans possessed a bridge over the river on the site of the ancient structure which was demolished thirty years ago; and this was probably a wooden roadway upon stone piers, like those of Adrian at Newcastle and of Trajan across the Danube. It seems to be ascertained that there was a suburb also on the southern side of the Thames, not inclosed in walls, and that the houses constructed on this swampy spot were built upon wooden piles, of which some remains are still in existence. If this is all we can affirm of the external character of the city, history and archaeology are equally silent about its mode of life and institutions. These can only be imperfectly and doubtfully collected from our general knowledge of provincial and municipal society; but the Theodosian Code, from which we derive almost all we know of the interior of Roman life in the provinces, gives no special information applicable to the condition of a commercial city like Londinium. The revelations which have been recently made respecting the municipal regulations of mediæval London,

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may help us, perhaps, to realize the condition of its inhabitants even ten centuries earlier; for there has been no solution of continuity in the life of our national emporium, and what we know of the harsh and inquisitorial spirit of the Roman colonial government is not unfaithfully reflected in the institutions of London under the Plantagenets. The vexatious tyranny of its municipal law has been commonly considered one of the principal causes of the decline of the Empire; but we shall perhaps have less confidence in drawing any such conclusion in future, when we remember in what strait and galling swaddling-clothes the metropolis of the world's commerce has grown and thriven, and London has become the freest as well as the fairest of cities.

THE STORY OF NEW ZEALAND.*

AS a general rule, it requires the courage of a literary martyr, or the despair of a seaside lodger on a rainy day, to open a book of colonial facts. A true colony—we do not mean a conquered province, but a settlement—is very like a second-rate English town, with some addition in energy, and some deduction in morality; and its literature smacks very much of a county "Mercury." The returned colonist from the southern seas, who seeks to enlighten the English public on the "Young Empire" to which Mr. Disraeli looks for succour against France, seldom has the breadth of knowledge requisite for his task, and is too much steeped in local politics and prejudices to give it if he had. It is a rare piece of good fortune when the duty is undertaken by a writer whose position at once gives him a thorough familiarity with the events and facts he is describing, and frees him from the passions by which the actors in them are blinded. No situation could be more favourable for this purpose than that of a military surgeon. *Ex officio*, he is bound to be impartial in political disputes; while his profession gives him both an inquiring habit of mind, and also that extensive personal intercourse from which alone contemporary history can be constructed. Dr. Thomson has not been wanting to his opportunities. He has worked up his subject with a laboriousness and accuracy which a German might envy, while he steers a straight, impartial course through the midst of the many angry controversies which have agitated the minute but vivacious communities whom he describes. Indeed, in respect to one of the controversies, it is only from a medical man that a fair narrative can be expected. In the questions that have arisen between the white man and the Maori, neither missionary nor settler can be taken as an unbiased witness. The settler only thinks of the native as the "nigger," whose absurd rights of property cramp his enterprise; while the missionary mentally curses the settler for the introduction of a busy, worldly activity which has tainted his once simple followers, and substituted agriculture for church-going. The surgeon's art gives him friends and interests among the Maoris, while the innate antagonism between doctor and clergyman imbues him with a certain sympathy for the settler's grievances.

Ten or fifteen years ago, New Zealand occupied a very prominent place in the public mind, and was a bone of contention both to religious and political parties, though the successive wars of the Crimea, India, and China have of late caused it to be almost entirely forgotten. Perhaps it did not deserve the exaggerated attention it used to receive from politicians in the days of the New Zealand Company; but in an historical point of view its colonization must always be very full of interest. It marks a stage not only in the civilization of the Maoris, but of our own. There is no sounder test of a high and true civilization than its dealings with a race of helpless savages. Its office is to rub off prejudices, and there is no prejudice so catlike in its vitality as the prejudice of race. While it stimulates commerce, it is no true civilization if it does not curb the greediness of trade; and the weakness of savages presents a temptation to rapacity which even liberal politicians and deeply religious men have not been always able to withstand. We do not mean to say that the conduct of Englishmen to New Zealanders has been always unimpeachable, but it marks a great advance. The progress has been slow, and has taken two centuries to learn. We were never quite so bad as the Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch settlers, who enslaved the natives whose lands they seized. The Pilgrim Fathers were content with seizing the lands, and massacring their former owners whenever these stood in their way. When Australian colonization began, we had advanced a little further. We took the natives' lands, but we protected their lives; and though a settler would occasionally embarrass himself of inconvenient neighbours by inviting them to a feast of poisoned damper, still these were mischances for which the Government was not to blame. In New Zealand we have reached the unheard-of liberality of not only sparing the natives' lives, but of purchasing all the land that we occupied. Whether the Wairau massacre did not stimulate our consciences in this respect it would perhaps be invidious to inquire; but, at all events, a precedent is established which will, we trust, be a law for future cases.

The English Government seems to have had a presentiment of the difficulty which, in this age of humanity, the occupation of aboriginal property would present. They struggled gallantly to escape the fatal acquisition; but their destiny was too strong for them. The folly of burdening our little island with such

vast and distant possessions has been a favourite theme for the lamentations of one school of politicians. But New Zealand is only the last proof out of many that the firmest convictions and steadiest resolutions on the part of rulers are unavailing to prevent the growing of an empire whose law is growth. Except in the case of convict colonies, the English Government has scarcely ever taken the initiative in colonization. Either traders, or missionaries, or settlers occupy the country; and then no choice is left to a Minister but to accept the colony or to abandon to anarchy a community of British subjects. So it was in New Zealand. First it was visited by whalers, then by missionaries, then by runaway sailors, or Sydney speculators, until at last there was a considerable numbers of Europeans in the colony. The days of William the Fourth were days of economy, and the Government did their best to stave off the recognition of the colony as long as they could. First, they sent a British consul to the Bay of Islands to keep the Europeans in order. Then some patterns of flags were sent for the chiefs to choose from; and the chiefs, inspired by a Yankee whaler, chose a close resemblance to the stars and stripes. The Colonial Secretary gravely sanctioned their choice, and orders were issued from the Admiralty to recognise the New Zealand flag. Then the consul assembled a number of chiefs and formed them into a nominal republic, represented by a Parliament, under the title of the United Tribes of New Zealand. But these were mere postponements of the evil day. As soon as the New Zealand Company had begun to colonize in earnest, and had sent out their first ship-load of emigrants, the Ministers of the day felt that to remain any longer inactive, would be to ensure a war of races. Perhaps the news that Louis Philippe had taken shares in a French colonizing company directed to the same islands quickened their measures. But their mode of proceeding was, for the credit of their humanity, a novel one. Instead of taking possession in the Queen's name, as Captain Cook had done, their emissary, Captain Hobson, assembled the chiefs, and guaranteeing to them their lands, obtained a cession of the sovereignty at the treaty of Waitangi. This guarantee of land was destined to sustain many a rude shock from many different assailants; but it has, in spite of all efforts, been nobly maintained. The attempts of the Europeans to evade it lay at the bottom of all the troubles by which the infancy of the colony was beset.

First came the missionaries and the land-sharks. Adventurers from Sydney, which was not at that time the residence of a very elevated population, had early taken the opportunity of practising on the ignorance of the natives to buy from them, at the price of a few trinkets, their signatures to conveyances which purported to alienate huge tracts of territory, but with whose import and value the poor signatories were never made acquainted. The missionaries thought it a pity that the land-sharks should monopolize the spoil, and so they resorted to the same system. The result was that, by the time Captain Hobson had assumed the Government, nearly half the northern island was claimed by Europeans. It is needless to say that any attempt to enforce these claims would have resulted in a native war, and that the Government wholly refused to sanction them. But the settlement of them was for a long time a thorny question, in consequence of the native jealousy on the subject of land. These claimants, however, were weak and isolated, and easily dealt with. It was very different with the New Zealand Company. This body had spared no pains to attract emigrants, and among other devices it had sold land to settlers in England at a time when it had no more title to sell land in New Zealand than in Spain. It had sent forward Colonel Wakefield with instructions to buy land, and had acted on the assumption of his success. It was necessary, therefore, that he should succeed. Accordingly, his theory of the formalities requisite for a sale was exceedingly liberal. As soon as he arrived off the coast he took on board the first natives he could find. He then pointed out all the headlands and hills in sight, and asked the names of them. Having listened to a bead-roll of Maori nomenclature, he made a whaler, who professed to know the language, ask the native if he would sell them. The native grinned, and said he would; and forthwith, in consideration of sundry trinkets, signed a deed presented to him. Having repeated this process on various parts of the coast, Colonel Wakefield wrote home a flourishing account of his splendid purchases. Of course, when the settlers arrived, they soon discovered that the natives with whom he had bargained had no more power to give a title to the land than a boatman on Walmer beach could give a title to Dover castle; and when they tried to take possession of their purchases they received the broadest hints that it would be at the peril of their lives. This dishonesty on the part of the Directors was the source of endless trouble. The Wairau massacre was the first result of an attempt to act on Colonel Wakefield's bargains. This startling defeat at once set in motion the various chiefs from Heke to Rangiheta, whose power had been clipped or whose resources had been impaired by the English colonization; and, before long, it brought on the war which cost England nearly a million of money, and New Zealand several years of progress. And even now, though peace has long been restored between the races, the land question remains, still pregnant with mischief. The jealousy of the natives—roused by the unjustifiable proceedings of the New Zealand Company—has never thoroughly subsided. It has issued, within the last few years, in an anti-land-selling league on their part—a menacing step which it will tax the judgment of the colonial statesmen to frustrate. Two or three retaliatory measures, passed by the Legislative

* *The Story of New Zealand*. By Arthur S. Thomson, M.D., Surgeon-Major, 58th Regiment. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1859.

Council, but fortunately negated by the Home Government, are not a happy omen for the future.

Of the prosperity which awaited New Zealand as soon as it emerged from its early troubles, Dr. Thomson gives a careful and interesting account. There is instruction as well as entertainment in his narrative of the infantine vagaries of its somewhat elaborate constitution. Of course, the early efforts of a minute community to fit to its own size the cumbrous mechanism of responsible Government has its ludicrous side. On the whole, however, it has worked very well. It would be better if the ex-Premier never diversified an animated debate by punching his predecessor's ribs; and it would have been more dignified if the first care of the first Parliament of the Britain of the South had not been to vote themselves a handsome salary for the trouble of coming together. But such little defects are more than repaid by the solid social progress of the islands. Both our material and our spiritual aspirations must be satisfied by the facts that two-thirds of the natives are Christians, and that in five years the export of wool has increased fivefold. There is a sadder sequel to Dr. Thomson's story, for which, however, the New Zealand Government can hardly be held responsible. It appears to be only too certain that the natives are melting rapidly away. It is not that there is any absolute census on which the assertion can be based; but there is the telling fact that the adults are out of all proportion to the children. Many reasons are assigned for it. There are contagious diseases which have been introduced by Europeans, and habits of comparative luxury which fit in ill to the remnants of savage life. A good deal is attributed to the neglect and consequent mortality of female children, and a good deal to the scrofulous tendency of the potato which was introduced by Captain Cook. But these causes hardly appear to satisfy Dr. Thomson. It should seem as if there were some undiscovered law which dooms the inferior race to disappear before the face of the white man, just as the New Zealand rat is yielding to the Norway rat, and the New Zealand grasses are withering away at the contact of their European congeners.

FALCONRY REVIVED.*

"THE Hobby (*Falco subbuteo*).—I regret to say that this bird (somewhat larger than the merlin, except perhaps as to its feet) is exceedingly rare in the British Isles." So writes the new authority in the old mystery of hawking, Mr. G. E. Freeman. It may be true—we are not going to dispute the assertion as regards the ornithological department of natural history. But our author affords us a most consolatory proof in his own person that we can still show some noble examples of the genus Hobby-horse. And we gladly admit that he rides his steed in a very graceful and pleasant manner. We have not the slightest objection to Messrs. Freeman and Salvin's quixotic attempt to revive falconry. It may be doubted, indeed, whether they will ever succeed in re-introducing a rude and somewhat cruel kind of sport. It was the fowling-piece that rendered obsolete the whole equipment of jesses and hoods, and lures and bells; and to go back to falconry in pursuit of game would be something like recurring to bows and arrows in actual warfare. But there is room enough for all eccentricities that are not positively harmful; and we rather welcome, in these days of routine and timidity, any independent line of action, and any bold divergence from the beaten track. This is not the time to discourage any manly form of sport that takes people into the open air, on horseback or afoot, and teaches them self-reliance, endurance, and observation. Nor must it be forgotten that hawking initiates its votaries into a very interesting branch of natural history—the habits of birds of prey and of their respective quarries.

The readers of the *Field* newspaper have long been familiar with the zealous efforts of a gentleman writing under the *nom de plume* of "Peregrine" to make them acquainted with the details of this nearly-forgotten sport. In the volume under review, "Peregrine" appears under his real name as the Rev. G. E. Freeman, dating his preface from Wild Boar Clough Parsonage—a most appropriately sounding home for a sportsman, which we cannot, indeed, identify in the *Clergy List*, but which the author incidentally tells us is somewhere among the wild hills near Buxton. Mr. Freeman writes like an enthusiast, with—so far as we can judge—a thorough acquaintance with his subject, a complete belief in its importance, and in a genial style which sometimes recalls the freshness and *naïveté* of the *Complete Angler*, but is here and there disfigured by an assumed jocularity that should have been chastened in the collected volume, however suitable it may have been for the columns of a sporting newspaper.

Beginning with the claims of falconry, Mr. Freeman boasts the antiquity of his favourite sport, urges its charming characteristic that fair ladies can join the hawking party, and asserts its practical utility. "A single goshawk," he says, "will certainly keep a family"—a fact surely to be carefully concealed from a game-preserving neighbouring squire. Here is his glowing and animated picture of a party of falconers:—"The canter of two or three horses; the scamper behind them of as many spaniels; the gleam of a green habit; the sombre of a

grey; a hat clasped with a buckle and heron's plume; the red and white of a hood; the quiet hawks as they swing by to the easy motion of the horses; the silver bells and silver voices; the freshening colour; the hopeful eye. 'Fly, Black-jesse! 'Good hawk!' 'Fly well this day, if you ever flew,'" and some such picture has Mr. Wolf's skilful pencil delineated as the frontispiece of this volume—not without some humorous incidents of the chase, such as the fall of a too excited pedestrian over the stile, but also, not without a rather truculent scene above all in the mid-air, where, amidst scattered feathers, a savage hawk, with open beak and staring, cruel eyes, has seized its shrieking quarry in its fatal clutches.

Regretting as we do the disappearance of many species of feathered creatures from among us, and in particular reprobating the folly of immediately shooting any rare bird that may be seen, we confess to feeling some sympathy with our author when he pleads so earnestly as he does for mercy to the merlin and peregrine even from the gamekeepers of the proprietors of grouse moors. He argues, indeed, not only that these falcons are comparatively harmless, but that they are useful as destroying the diseased birds which would otherwise propagate the grouse disease. And here, we dare say he is right; for it has ever been found that it is a mistake to disturb unnecessarily that mysterious economy of animal life which regulates and balances the productiveness of certain species, by the total extermination of creatures that were meant to prey upon others. Against egg-collectors our author is still more bitter in his observations. Not to them will he vouchsafe a hint where they may be likely to find the eyries of the peregrine falcon. For our own parts, we so love to see a hawk on the wing that, although we should be among those contemptible persons, in Mr. Freeman's opinion, who could not tell a peregrine from a hen-harrier (though we might "know a hawk from a hernshaw"), we would gladly aid his zealous endeavours to save the more generous *accipitres* from the ignoble fate of "flying vermin." If the partial revival of a taste for falconry, of which our author speaks so confidently, and of which his book is certainly some token, succeeds in proving that all birds of prey ought not to be indiscriminately massacred, it will be a public gain. But that, in the present enclosed state of the country, and with the consequent rapid diminution of the feathered tribes, falconry should ever be thoroughly resuscitated, we hold, with Mr. J. G. Wood, to be out of the question.

Many, however, who have no intention of turning practical falconers, may, with much profit, read Mr. Freeman's descriptions, evidently drawn from the life, of the look and character and faculties of the whole family of long-winged falcons or short-winged hawks. He will teach them to distinguish between peregrines and merlins, goshawks and sparrow-hawks, hobbies and kestrels. And there is a special nomenclature, too, to be learnt. In cookery, woodcocks are known to have trails, and not viscera. So in falconry we must speak, not of a bird's tail, but of his "train," and of his "petty-cingle," not of his toe. Our author gives us the whole vocabulary. Some of our common slang terms seem to come from hawking language. Thus a "cadger" is the man who carries the cage, *i.e.*, the frame on which hawks are carried for use or for sale. "Sharp-set," meaning to be hungry, is also claimed, but we do not know whether rightly so, as a phrase in falconry.

Of all falcons the peregrine is the chief favourite with our author. He rises into enthusiasm as he describes it. "In our own country," he says, "it is, alas, rarely seen. A strange and anomalous civilization is fast blotting out the most complete type of speed, strength, and courage which belongs of right to these islands, and which the Mightiest Hand placed upon all their cliffs, as an index to the hearts and prowess that should protect them." If any one wishes to take to hawking, Mr. Freeman will instruct him in the whole process—how to take the young bird from the nest, how to pack it for travelling, how to feed it, how to train it, where to procure its bells and jesses, and all the necessary apparatus. The education must begin early, and the wretched bird is not to be allowed to eat its beefsteak without the horrid accompaniment of the shrieking of a railway whistle, in order that it may learn to associate feeding with its call; and its food is to be stuck on to a "lure," which from its description must be something like a scarecrow, that it may associate sight as well as sound with the idea of a full meal. Next, the poor creature is to be hooded, and made to eat in the dark. Then the falconer has to choose his cry. "It may be 'Yo-ho-up, yohup, yohup;' or, 'Hi-away (boy or lass), hi-away'—a call which I use, and learnt I know not where." "I may mention," Peregrine continues, "here in a sort of parenthesis, that 'Hoo-ha, ha, ha, ha,' is a good cry. These syllables, when shrieked out in a high note, have a wild, dashing, blood-stirring spirit in them that suits the occasion well." It is really difficult to say which is most to be pitied during this training process, the falconer or the falcon.

The art of hawking seems to have survived in Holland longer than elsewhere; and haggards, that is, adult peregrines, are still caught there, on their migratory passage in October and November, on the great heaths of Valkenswaard by coblers who sit all day long in turf-covered holes waiting for their victims. The process is very amusingly described. A butcher-bird is often used to give the cobbler the signal of the first approach of the falcon, and then the hawk is lured within the bow-net by the skilful management of two pigeons which are used as the bait. With peregrines Mr. Freeman hawks grouse, partridges, mag-

* *Falconry; its Claims, History, and Practice.* By Gage Earle Freeman, M.A., and Francis Henry Salvin, Captain, West York Rifles. To which are added, Remarks on Training the Otter and Cormorant, by Captain Salvin. London: Longmans. 1859.

pies, rooks, and herons. Each kind of sport is described in succession with much picturesque power. Here is an incident of grouse-hawking:—

A favourite falcon of the late Colonel Bonham was "waiting on" rather wide, there being a strong breeze at the time, when up sprang an old cock grouse, uttering his wild cry as he skimmed rapidly down wind. In an instant the falcon (which seemed, from its great pitch, hardly larger than a pin's head) made a straightforward flight for a short distance, and then, with a pause as if to take aim, but which was almost imperceptible, came down like a meteor upon the grouse, which, from the power of the stroke and the speed at which itself was flying, spun over and over in its long slanting fall, and was found deep in the heather.

Magpie-hawking, introduced by Sir John Sebright, is a most exciting sport, from the singular artfulness of the quarry, which dodges its pursuer, and manages almost always to find shelter. Ireland, as being generally free from wood, is well adapted to this kind of falconry, of which the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, it is said, has become a patron. Heron-hawking is more especially a Dutch sport, and the famous Loo Club carried it to great perfection. Its peculiarity is, that the heron tries to mount above the hawk, so that the conflict takes place at an enormous height in the air; and the prodigious strength of wing and the dangerous bill of the quarry tax the falcon's powers to the uttermost. Our author treats us to some very animated descriptions, by a friend, of two or three days' sport with the Loo Club before it was dissolved. Plovers, it seems, are seldom taken by the strongest hawks. The shift from the stoop in their flight is so rapid and certain, Mr. Freeman tells us, that the pursuer is entirely thrown out and soon discontinues the attempt. But snipe, woodcocks, wild ducks, sea-gulls, and black game may all be hawked by the peregrine. In India, hares are commonly hawked with this falcon, and this sport has lately been introduced into England.

Merlins may be flown at pigeons and partridges with some chance of success, but they make the best sport with larks, which they will follow, says our author, into the very clouds. But this kind of hawking is open to the serious objection that it is necessary to carry with you bagged larks with which to console the merlin if it loses, as it very often will do, its wild quarry. Mr. Freeman himself admits that there is "an awkwardness" in this fact. When a lark is in full feather it generally distances its enemy by its prodigious speed. With his merlins our author wages war also against ring-ouzels and snipes, and, which is less excusable, against song-birds, such as blackbirds and thrushes. He laments bitterly that there are no quails in this country, since those birds make the best sport with merlins among Oriental falconers. We note a passage which professes to teach how to distinguish the *accipitres* by their flight:—

The wings of the sparrow-hawk are short, and have somewhat of a rounded look in the air; those of the hobby are exceedingly long, and their length gives a swallow-like appearance to the bird; the mouse-hunting kestrel is constantly balancing himself, with his head to the wind, at a greater or less distance above his prey; but the wings of the merlin are neither so short as those of the sparrow-hawk nor so long as those of the hobby. He may be seen rapidly skimming along at no great distance from the ground; or ringing after a bird that has taken the air; or following the straight, or the zig-zag, line of a quarry with wonderful accuracy.

The goshawk, though occasionally shot in England, no longer breeds here. It is a sulky bird, but one of great courage, and is chiefly used by our modern falconers against rabbits, hares, and pheasants. The sparrow-hawk, which comes next in order, is characterized as both capricious and vicious—"the most intractable, the most ungrateful, the most provoking and temper-trying of all birds or beasts that were ever taken under the care of man from the beginning of the world." Nevertheless there are falconers who fly it at "small deer," such as blackbirds, thrushes, sparrows, landrails, and starlings. In the good old times of Dame Juliana Berners, when certain hawks were restricted to certain ranks in society, this pleasant bird was assigned to ecclesiastics.

We need not speak of less common falcons, such as those of Iceland and Norway. But these, as well as the humble little kestrel, are described in their turn by our author. And he adds, from a friend, some graphic notices of hawks and hawking in India. Finally, his coadjutor, Captain Salvin, gives an amusing appendix on fishing with cormorants. With these agreeable birds "you have to be hooded yourself—that is, you must wear a fencing-mask—otherwise the bird will take out your eye to a certainty, to say nothing of biting your face. Your ears and hands may not escape, as you cannot cover them; but, should they suffer, the cut, being a very clean one, soon heals." These birds, as is well known, have straps fastened round their necks to prevent their swallowing. They catch fish in their capacious gullets, and then are made to disgorge their prey for their master's use. The Chinese use them extensively for catching fish for the market. Some hints as to training otters to fish, also by Captain Salvin, conclude a book full of the most novel and curious information, and characterized by a very fresh and genial tone.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

AFTER an interval of six years, M. Cousin has given us another volume* of his *étude* on Madame de Longueville. Of the two volumes, however, which are to comprise the acts and

* Madame de Longueville: *Etudes sur les Femmes illustres et la Société au Dix-Septième Siècle*. Par M. Victor Cousin. (Madame de Longueville pendant la Fronde, 1651—1653.) Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

adventures of Condé's sister during the Fronde, M. Cousin has thought proper to begin with the second, which covers the years 1651, 1652, 1653. We have read his preface, but we confess we are at a loss to discover any good reason for this inversion of the natural order of publication. All we can make out is, that M. Cousin thinks that when you have something very nasty to take, the sooner you swallow it and have done with it the better. Accordingly, as Madame de Longueville's conduct in the years just mentioned was simply disgraceful—or, as our author would call it, very distressing—he thought he would brace himself to the ungrateful task, and get it out of his hands as quick as possible. The most extraordinary—or rather the only extraordinary—thing about this statement is that M. Cousin should believe it, or expect any one else to believe it. And even were it true, it should have been suppressed; for surely there is a certain loss of dignity involved in this childish idolatry of a woman who may not perhaps have been much worse than other illustrious dames of the seventeenth century, but who was, after all, a very questionable character in point of morality, and in politics one of the greatest mischief-makers of her sex and time. However, simplicity is not a Frenchman's forte; so we suppose we must not allow M. Cousin's melodramatic attitudinizing to blind us either to the real value of the work as a contribution to history, or to its beauties in point of style. The former is chiefly shown in the light which M. Cousin throws on the real character of the Fronde movement. Some historians have regarded it as a kind of prelude to 1789, and as parallel to the Bill of Rights. We think M. Cousin has shown very clearly, both throughout the work and more especially at pp. 191-200, that in plotting against Richelieu and Mazarin, the sole aim of the Frondeurs was to compass the restitution of those feudal privileges which the two Cardinals did all they could to abolish, and which 1789 abolished altogether. As a matter of fact, M. Cousin is undoubtedly right; but when we come to reason upon the fact, we feel inclined to question whether the triumph of Richelieu and Mazarin, and with them of the principle of centralization, has been conducive to the liberty and happiness of the French people. However, we must not indulge in any surmises on this subject, for M. Cousin is good enough to inform us that England in the seventeenth century knew nothing whatever about France, and is not particularly well-informed now; so we suppose we must sit at M. Cousin's feet and listen in meek silence to the oracle's statements. Widely as our author differs from Michelet in his appreciation of Anne of Austria, the two historians agree in vilifying De Retz and in extolling his *Memoirs* as specimens of style and language. M. Cousin calls him the "mauvais génie de la Fronde," and of the epithets which M. Michelet showers upon him the least coarse is "ce fripon." We may state in conclusion that the volume is divided into six chapters, entitled as follows:—I. "Recommencement of Civil War, 1651," where M. Cousin is obliged to make some very ugly admissions as to the culpable conduct of his heroine. II. "Condé in Guienne." III. "The Fronde at Paris, 1652." IV. "The Triumph of Mazarin on the 3rd of February, 1653." M. Cousin's estimate of Mazarin is one of the best things in the book. V. "The Fronde at Bordeaux, 1652 and 1653." VI. "Termination of the Fronde at Bordeaux, August, 1653." To these are annexed valuable notes occupying a hundred pages, and containing various unedited documents, such as treaties and correspondence. Not the least curious of these is a scheme of government written in very bad French, and circulated, it is supposed, among the French Protestants during the Fronde, by two English agents, for the sake of fomenting insurrection. M. Cousin waxes quite merry in his ridicule of this Calvinist manifesto. For our own part, we can only say there are passages in it which are simply sublime in the austere grandeur with which they lay down the great principles of liberty and toleration.

M. Hachette is now engaged in publishing a new translation of the entire works of Schiller. The whole of the dramatic, and portions of the other works of the poet, have been done into French by M. Regnier, of the Institute, whose name the translation bears, having throughout had the benefit of his supervision and corrections. It is not, however, on account of its merits as a translation—though to these we would give full weight—that we call attention to this publication, but rather because of the very excellent life of Schiller, extending over two hundred large octavo closely printed pages, which M. Regnier has prefixed to the volume* of minor poems. The biographer speaks in the very highest terms of Pallese's work, recently translated from the German into English by Lady Wallace, and expresses his regret that the second volume reached him too late to be of much use. We think, however, that Pallese will not enable the reader to dispense with M. Regnier. The care with which the latter has collected his facts, and the sobriety with which he enunciates his critiques on Schiller's works, are beyond all praise. In speaking of the title of French Citizen, conferred on Schiller by the Assembly of 1792, M. Regnier mentions a ludicrous instance of the marvellous capacity for blundering over foreign names which seems peculiar to France. The *procès verbal* of the *séance* where the decree was passed converted Schiller into *Giller*. The *Moniteur* thought this did not look sufficiently foreign, so it lengthened out *Giller* into

* *Œuvres de Schiller*. Traduction Nouvelle, par Ad. Regnier, de l'Institut: *Poésies*. Paris and London: Hachette. 1859.

Gilleers. The *Bulletin des Lois* could make nothing out of the *Moniteur's* spelling, and accordingly evaded the difficulty by simply printing it *M. Gille*. "O! vanité de la gloire!" exclaims M. Regnier. Accordingly, a letter was despatched by Roland, the Minister of the Interior, to "M. Gille, publiciste allemand en Allemagne," accompanied by a diploma of citizenship. It was a perfect puzzle to the German post-offices, and did not reach its destination till five years after it was sent. Unfortunately for the French Assembly, M. Gille, the author of the *Robbers* and of *Fiesco*, had meanwhile undergone a complete revulsion of feeling respecting the French Revolution. Indeed the proposer and signers of the diploma had themselves undergone some revulsion, having been guillotined.

Apropos of translations, we have had by us for some time the first volume* of a laborious undertaking of M. Hippolyte Fauche—namely, a translation of the entire works of Kālidāsa, the Sanscrit Ovid, as he is styled in the preface. We should have called attention to it sooner, had we not been waiting for the second volume, in which M. Fauche promises to give us an *Etude* on the life and works of the Indian bard. In this first volume are contained the drama of *Vikrama*, the anthology called *Tilaka*, the *Raghovansa*, and the elegy known as the *Megha-dūtā*. Of this last the translator says, there is nothing so perfect in the elegiac literature of Europe. M. Fauche throws out a conjecture that the two last cantos of the *Raghovansa* furnish a clue to the period at which the poet lived. He considers that the posthumous child who succeeds to the throne at the end of the last canto is the sovereign under whom Kālidāsa lived. M. Fauche is well known in Sanscrit literature as the translator of the *Ramayana*. His proposal to bring out the *Vikrama* at a Paris theatre would scarcely be attended with such plentiful receipts as the *Père Prodigue* of M. Dumas fils, which is now having such a run at the Gymnase.

We are very glad to find that M. Saint-René Taillandier, the able contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has reprinted, in a separate volume,† a series of articles on the History and Philosophy of Religion. Those who have already perused them in the *Revue* will be only too glad to renew their acquaintance with them. Accurate in his facts, sagacious in his conclusions, liberal in his criticisms, and eminently philosophical in his tone, the author of these Essays possesses qualities which are very rarely found united in a writer of periodical literature. The opening Essay on the religious ideas of the nineteenth century is one of the most thoughtful we have ever met with. So, again, the *Etudes* on Gervinus and on Quinet are *chef-d'œuvres* of their kind. We would call particular attention to the closing Essay on that extraordinary German novel *Erlis sicut Deus*, the authorship of which has not yet been discovered, though the book appeared five years ago. Few would probably have the courage to wade through the three volumes of the original, but all will be interested in perusing M. René Taillandier's lucid analysis of their contents.

Some time ago we had occasion to speak of a small work published anonymously by Madame de Gasparin, and called *Les Horizons Prochains*. It has been succeeded by one called *Les Horizons Célestes*,‡ consisting of a series of essays—rhapsodies some would call them—on our love for the dead, and on all the feelings and conjectures, doubts and fears, hopes and aspirations, which assail the minds of those who are bereaved. The book, we think, is scarcely one which a man would like to criticise severely, however much he might dispute the positions or smile at the logic of this somewhat enthusiastic lady; for there is much in it which cannot fail to come home to him. We look upon the great sale which in France has attended these two works of a Protestant lady, as a phenomenon worthy of being recorded.

In his new volume of the *Histoire des Principaux Ecrivains Français*,§ M. Roche has handled with eminent success subjects of very peculiar difficulty. For, after giving a most interesting notice of Racine and Fénelon, he arrives at the threshold of the eighteenth century—one of the most perplexing, from its vastness and many-sidedness, in the whole range of French literature. After a general sketch of the literary history of that period, M. Roche presents us with four Essays on Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Buffon, which are perfect gems in their way, and could only have been executed by a man who had at his fingers' ends every line which the authors in question left behind them. The essay on Voltaire, in particular, is a model for the tact with which M. Roche has measured out praise and censure to that extraordinary incarnation of the eighteenth century. Independently, moreover, of any higher qualities, these volumes on the *Ecrivains Français* are excessively amusing. We are glad to see that M. Roche defends Fénelon, with great success, from the charge so frequently brought against him—from Louis XIV. down to M. Nisard—of being chimerical and utopian in his schemes. It is this independence of judgment which forms the great charm of these unpretending volumes.

* *Œuvres Complètes de Kālidāsa*. Traduites du Sanscrit en Français, par Hippolyte Fauche. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1859.

† Saint-René Taillandier: *Histoire et Philosophie Religieuse*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1860.

‡ *Les Horizons Célestes*. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1860.

§ *Histoire des Principaux Ecrivains Français*. Par A. Roche. Tome ii. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

M. Figuier's *Année Scientifique** has reached its fourth year. This work, as our readers are aware, professes to give an account of all the inventions and applications of science which have been thought worthy of being recorded during the past year. This wide field is mapped out according to subjects—astronomy, mechanics, chemistry, medicine, and the like—and under each head are all the noteworthy facts which have come under the author's observation. The industry and research which must have been brought into the service of this annual publication deserve grateful recognition from all who are interested in the progress of science.

A still more extraordinary instance of patient research is given us by the same author in a *History of the Marvellous*, of which the two first volumes† only have as yet appeared. The subject was suggested to M. Figuier by the tales of the marvellous, current in the present day, in the shape of table-turning and spirit-rapping. He hopes to be able to show that the supernatural manifestations alleged to take place in the nineteenth century are in reality nothing but the continuation, the natural and necessary development, of phenomena of the same order which have taken place in ages preceding our own, and find their solution in the very nature of the human mind. He conceives that such a line of argument, if successfully carried out, would eliminate all supernatural agency, and secure an easy triumph to science, and an ample vindication of the dignity of human reason. In other words, he considers that the history of superstition points to a kind of law by which, under given circumstances, like manifestations take place; so that, if you can get the key to one of these assumed supernatural agencies, you can find your way through them all. In accordance with this theory, the book was originally announced to appear with the title, *The Genealogy of Table Turning*. The first volume opens with a succinct sketch of the marvellous in antiquity and the middle ages, and then breaks ground with a long discussion on the famous *Diablos de Loudun* of the seventeenth century, who threw into such commotion the Ursuline convent of that place. This is followed by an essay on the "Convulsionnaires Jansénistes" of the same period. The second volume is devoted to a history of the divining-rod, and to a discussion of the claims to prophecy put forward by the French Protestants of the Cévennes in the seventeenth century.

Another small work by the same author, on Photography‡ as exhibited in the *Salon* of Paris last year, will be read with interest by all who watch the progress of the art. We think, however, that M. Figuier's power of appreciating art is greatly inferior to his scientific acquirements. Of course, as a practical chemist, all that he says on the *processes* of photography is worth attending to; but his criticism on art is, we repeat, very flimsy, as might be expected from a man who talks of what he knows nothing about.

Let us here mention that any one who wishes to refresh his memory on what he saw—and what did he not see?—at that same Paris exhibition, could not have a better little book than the *Souvenirs du Salon* by Maurice Aubert.§ The author has gone himself through the *Salon*, and jotted down his own criticisms on the paintings and sculptures, &c., that seemed to him noteworthy; and along with these jottings of his own, he gives the reader a short summary of the criticisms—often most contradictory—of the art-critics of the day.

From the same publisher we have received a very dainty little volume of poetry,|| which is certainly much above the average. If it will be any satisfaction to M. A. Perreau to be told that his effusions remind us of Musset, he is quite welcome to a certificate to that effect. We observe that he has studied Victor Hugo, or, at least, he seems troubled with the recollection of bits out of *Les Fantômes*. We have said that he reminds us of Musset, but he should remember that in Musset there were two poets—the one of the earth, earthy, drowned in sensuality; the other with a *sursum corda* on his lips, and an upward gaze that strove to pierce divine mysteries. M. Perreau, we think, is capable of something better than being an echo of the siren songs of the first of these two Mussets. Touches of feeling, deep and true, peep out at times through the chinks of his wanton verse. Let him cultivate these, and he may rise to a position from which he will look down with shame on his *Amours de Vingt Ans*.

Any one who wishes for a specimen of French humour will be repaid by reading the "History of a Man with a Cold," from the pen of P. J. Stahl¶—a pseudonym, as our readers are aware, for Hetzel. It is equal to anything Charles Lamb ever wrote in the *Essays of Elia*. The ludicrous story of the man whose wife abandoned him almost in spite of herself, because he had from year's end to year's end a chronic cold, which prevented him from saying either of the letters *m* and *n*, is told with great

* *L'Année Scientifique*. Par L. Figuier. La Quatrième Année. Paris and London: Hachette. 1860.

† *Histoire du Merveilleux dans les Temps Modernes*. Par Louis Figuier. Tomes i. ii. Paris and London: Hachette. 1860.

‡ *La Photographie au Salon de 1859*. Par Louis Figuier. Paris and London: Hachette. 1860.

§ *Souvenirs du Salon de 1859*. Par Maurice Aubert. Paris: Jules Tardieu. London: Jeffs. 1859.

|| Adolphe Perreau: *Amours de Vingt Ans*. Paris: Jules Tardieu. London: Jeffs. 1860.

¶ *Histoire d'un Homme Enrhumé*. Par P. J. Stahl. Paris and London: Hachette. 1860.

force and point. The distracted wife could stand it no longer. After being told for six years "*Je vous aime*," or asked, "*Avez-vous bal à la tête*," she left her husband, and roamed through the world in search of a country where colds were unknown, and where a man who spoke through the nose would be considered a monster, and exhibited accordingly. Then, again, there is another story of a poor wretch without a handkerchief, which he has lent to an English lady, and who was detected blowing his nose in a newspaper on the deck of a Rhenish steamer.

*Alba** is a capital tale of Venice, by M. Louis Enault, whose works have frequently been brought before the public in this journal. At the present crisis, it is a peculiarly interesting book on account of the relations in which Venice is represented as standing with Austria. Alba is the daughter of a high-born Venetian noble, who ends by marrying one of the leaders of the revolution of 1848.

* *Alba*. Par Louis Enault. Paris and London: Hachette. (Bibl. de Chemins de Fer.)

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